THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1810.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. BERNADOTTE, Prince of Ponte Corvo, lately elected Crown Prince of Sweden.
2. London Fashionable AFTERNOON and FULL DRESSES.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a BORDER of a CAP and TRIMMING.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the inquiries of Belinda and F. L. R., relative to the Continuations and Conclusion of *Benedict* and the *Fleet Prison*, we have only to reply, that the delay is merely occasioned by the indisposition of the Lady from whom we received the communications.

The offers of C. D. will be very acceptable we have no doubt, when he sends us the specimens he has promised.

W. F.'s Essay is under consideration: it appears to require revision.

THE

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

FRENCH GENERAL BERNADOTTE,

PRINCE OF PONTE CORVO, LATELY ELECTED CROWN PRINCE, OR SUCCESSOR TO THE THRONE OF SWEDEN.

[*With his Portrait elegantly engraved, from an undoubted Original.*]

JOHN BAPTISTE BERNADOTTE was born at Pau, in Bearn, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, on the 26th of January 1763. His father was a retainer to the profession of the law, an employment which does not appear to have suited the aspiring mind of young Bernadotte; for, at fifteen years of age, we find that he had inlisted for a soldier, and was embarked soon after in the squadron commanded by M. de Suffrein, and was present at the battle of Caudalore in the East-Indies.

On his return to France, he was gradually promoted in the service; and the revolution, which especially suited his genius, commencing, greatly contributed to his advancement. On some emergency of importance, he had the good fortune to render great service to his colonel, the Marquis d'Ambert; and, when employed in the Army of the North, he revenged the death of his friend, General Goguet.

In 1794 he fought in the Army of the Ardennes, at Montigni-le-tigneux, under the command of Generals Marceau and Kleber, and was appointed general of brigade. After the battle of Fleurus, he obtained the rank of general of division; and, at the siege of Maestricht, the reduction of the fort of Wick was confided to him.

After the passage of the Rhine in 1795, by the Army of the Sambre and Meuse, Bernadotte was employed in blockading Mentz on the side of Cassel. He was after-

wards sent with his division to the Hundsruck.

In 1796 his division greatly distinguished itself in crossing the Rhine at two several times. The second passage, which was effected opposite the village of Bendorf, created general astonishment: it will serve as a perpetual proof of the superiority of an enterprising man over an adversary rendered negligent by too much confidence.

Bernadotte was opposed to the Archduke Charles at Neumark, at Teiningen, and at Eberach. His division sustained a very great loss at Wurtzburg. He was not himself present, on account of illness, at this unfortunate battle, the disasters of which were increased by the dissensions that prevailed among the generals.

Bonapartè having required reinforcements, General Bernadotte received orders, in January 1797, to proceed to Italy, where he arrived about the middle of March. He was engaged in the battle of the Tagliamento. After taking Gradisca, he advanced upon Vienna. Upon the signing of the preliminaries at Leoben, he occupied the Frioul, with 30,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry.

Peace having been signed at Campo Formio, he was appointed ambassador to Vienna. He proceeded upon this new mission in April 1798. After having been exposed to great dangers, he was under the necessity of quitting the Austrian capital: he returned to France, and was ordered to blockade Philipsburg. His summons to the commander of that fortress is well known.

In 1799 Bernadotte was appointed minister of war. He was dismissed by the directory, under the pretext that he had sent in his resignation, though the fact was never officially made known. Bernadotte should have contradicted this. On the 18th of Brumaire, he refused to assist Bonapartè. The hopes of his party being entirely destroyed by the events of that day, he privately withdrew with his wife from Paris, and secreted himself at Chateau-frayé, a country-house belonging to Gen. Sarrazin, four leagues from that city.

Upon the assurances given to Bernadotte by General Sarrazin, that Bonapartè forgot every thing that had passed, and was desirous of his friendship, he returned to Paris. In March 1800 he was appointed commander in chief of the Army of the West, and he established his head-quarters at Rennes.

In 1801 it was in contemplation to send him out to Louisiana, with the authority of captain-general. In 1802 it was intended to appoint him ambassador to the United States. He passed the year 1803 at Paris without any employment. In 1804 he was appointed commander in chief of the Army of Hanover.

He was present at the battle of Austerlitz, that of Jena, and the campaign against the Russians in Poland. He commanded the French army in Denmark when the Marquis Romana succeeded in embarking his troops, and returned to defend his country.

During the campaign of 1809, General Bernadotte served with the Saxon troops. He commanded at Antwerp when the expedition to Walcheren took place.

He was fortunate enough to be elected crown prince of Sweden, at a moment that he was at Paris without any employment.

Bernadotte married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a respectable merchant at Marseilles, by whom he has an only son.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE inclosed some anecdotes respecting Hatem Tai, an Arabian chief, recording some of the finest traits of generosity and magnanimity, that ever perhaps graced the page of History.

This highly interesting biographical Sketch is taken from 'Carlyle's Specimens of Arabian Poetry,' where it constitutes the preface to a translation of some verses written by the prince himself, in praise and recommendation of his favorite virtues. These you shall have at some future opportunity, should you deem this communication deserving a place in the Lady's Magazine; and I am,

Sir,

with great respect,

your most obedient servant,

ORIENTALIS.

London, Sept. 6, 1810.

ANECDOTES OF HATEM TAI.

HATEM TAI was an Arabian chief, who lived a short time prior to the promulgation of Mohammedanism. He was so much celebrated through the East for his generosity, that even to this day the greatest encomium that can be given to a generous man, is to say that he is as liberal as Hatem.

The instances of Hatem's generosity, as related by oriental historians, are innumerable; one of two are selected, as they afford a lively picture of Arabian manners.

The emperor of Constantinople having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose he dispatched a person from his court, to request a particular horse which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows.—He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the emperor: Hatem seemed concerned—'If,' said he, 'you had yesterday apprised me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the emperor's request, but the horse he asks is now no more; being surprised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper*.' Hatem immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. The prince could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity, and owned that he truly merited the title of the most liberal amongst men.

It was the fate of Hatem to give umbrage to other monarchs.—Numan, king of Yemen, conceived a violent jealousy against him on account of his reputation, and thinking it easier to destroy than surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his

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* The Arabs prefer the flesh of horses to any other food.

sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Discovering their tents at a distance, he reflected he had never seen Hatem, and was contriving means to obtain a knowlege of his person, without exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, deep in meditation, he was accosted by a man of an amiable figure, who invited him to his tent: he accepted the invitation, and was charmed with the politeness of his reception. — After a splendid repast he offered to take leave, but the Arab requested him to prolong his visit: 'Generous stranger,' answered the officer, 'I am confounded by your civilities, but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart.'

'Might it be possible for you,' replied the Arab, 'to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? you are a stranger in this place. If I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me.'

The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly imparted to him the commission he had received from Numan: 'But how,' continued he, 'shall I, who have never seen Hatem, execute my orders? Bring me to the knowlege of him, and add this to your other favors.' 'I have promised you my service,' answered the Arab; 'behold I am a slave to my word — strike,' said he, uncovering his bosom, 'spill the blood of Hatem, and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hoped for —but the moments are precious— defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible expedition: the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends; if to-morrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone.'

These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier: struck with a sense of his crime, and the magnanimity of Hatem, he fell on his knees, exclaiming, 'God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand upon you! nothing shall ever urge me to such baseness.' At these words he quitted the tent, and took the road again to Yemen.

The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favorite, demanding the head of Hatem, the officer gave him a faithful relation of what had passed. Numan in astonishment cried out, 'It is with justice, O Hatem, that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity — men instigated by a sentiment of generosity may bestow their whole fortune, but to sacrifice life is an action above humanity.

After the decease of Hatem, the Arabs, over whom he presided, refused to embrace Islamism; for this disobedience, Mohammed condemned them all to death, except the daughter of Hatem, whom he spared on account of her father's memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioner ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the prophet's feet, and conjured him either to take away her life, or pardon her countrymen. Mohammed, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced; and for the sake of Hatem's daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.

Hatem was also a poet; but his talents were principally exerted in recommending his favorite virtue.

An Arabian author quoted by Pococke (Spect. Hist. Arab.) thus emphatically describes Hatem's character.

'His poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from the heart.'

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT was said, I think by the Spectator, that the Indians who visited this country in the early part of the last century, took us for a nation of physicians, because they observed that the first question that a man put to his neighbour on meeting him was, *How do you do?* This question undoubtedly has been, in those days, a mere compliment, meaning nothing, and expecting no answer, unless the answer which the inquirer might easily articulate, *Very well, I thank you.* But it seems to me, that what was formerly a question of ceremony, is now answered with a grave and important face, and a detail of the existing malady of the party asked. This diseased state of the nation appears to me to have crept on gradually, and I remember having discovered strong symptoms of it's approach a great many years ago, when *very well,* thank you, was changed to *pretty well.* I could then perceive that health was declining fast, and that *pretty well* itself, though a comfortable condition enough, would soon degenerate to *very poorly*, and very poorly, by an easy transition, would come to *very bad indeed,* or *never worse,* which I have known actually to have been the case.

As to the diseases which principally afflict the nation, you may probably expect me to give a list, with some description of them. I am afraid, however, that, for a task like this, I do not possess sufficient medical abilities, nor do I consider it as very necessary, since, as they are the same disorders already described in medical writings, I could add nothing to that description; and, since they are so generally felt as to render all description unnecessary to your readers, who, I fear, are not in much better health than the rest of the nation.

There is, however, one disorder, which, I believe, is the most common, and which appears in so many different shapes, that perhaps some account of it may not be unacceptable. It is usually called *a cold*; and I have observed the following varieties of it:

A cold;
A bad cold;
A violent cold;
A severe cold;
A prodigious cold;
A shocking cold;
A monstrous cold;
A terrible cold; and
A very bad cold indeed!

There may be lesser species, such as a trifling cold, and a little cold; but the above are the principal, and are to be found adhering to all ranks and degrees. They very much afflict persons who wish to stay at home, when they should go out. This, I think, is particularly observable on Sundays; and, I am assured, that the church is a very bad place for a cold. They are likewise peculiar to persons capable of singing, but without the inclination; and I have

known an opera put off entirely for this reason. They are not, however, without their uses, although they may be very *violent* and *prodigious*. They act as general apologies in cases where no other apology is at hand. I have known many a card answered by them; and many a dinner spoiled or deferred by the same means. Sometimes they prevent a man from accepting an offer; sometimes they keep a divine out of his pulpit; and sometimes they interrupt an orator, who happens to have nothing to say. In schools, they are very useful in procuring holidays; and among parents they contribute very much to a country jaunt. Gentlemen have occasionally been obliged by them to uncork *another* bottle; and there have been instances where they have been so violent as to oblige the patient to keep a horse.

There are some circumstances peculiar to colds, which would always deter me from entering into a medical discussion of the subject; and, indeed, I suspect that the people have taken this disorder entirely out of the hands of the faculty, and have divided and subdivided it into different kinds, for their own convenience. Thus, for example, we are told that there is one species of the *very bad* cold, which may be caught at *church*, but not in a *ball-room*. Now, I know not well how to describe this kind of cold, nor how to account for it: undoubtedly there must be a difference between the exercises of devotion and dancing; and this difference consists, as I humbly apprehend, in the greater or less degree of the mind employed in them; for all physicians assure us, that the state of the mind has great influence in disorders; and some very modern philosophers have asserted, that all diseases are in the mind, and that a man need not have a fever, or a fit of the gout, unless he likes it! This is new and comfortable doctrine, and I believe it as firmly as I believe that a man need not break his neck unless he meets with an accident, nor be shot through the head without the special agency of a pistol.

Having now troubled you with these few reflexions, I shall take my leave for the present, still, however, repeating my question, Where is a healthy man to be found? C. M—N.

Ipswich, Sept. 1.

LONDON FASHIONS.

1. MORNING Dress. A gown of white French cambric, or India jaconet muslin, with long sleeves, made high in the neck, with an antique ruff collar of thin white muslin; a long scarf of light blue silk, worn according to fancy or convenience. Hat of white chip, feather white, edged with light blue; hair in full ringlet curls, with a small cap of white lace. Sandals and gloves of lemon-colored kid.

2. Evening Dress. A pale pink gossamer silk dress, ornamented with a narrow purple edging, and united to the front with strings of the same color. Head-dress composed of white lace and pink satin, and ornamented with double rows of pearl beads. Gloves of white kid, and shoes of purple. The dresses have short sleeves, are made rather low across the bosom, and rather high behind.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

A TALE.

BY MARGARET B.

[*Continued from* p. 348.]

IT was about six o'clock in the evening of a lowring day, that the antique towers of the castle of Killarney met the view of Sir Frederick. It stood on a rising eminence, commanding a beautiful prospect of the romantic lake of Killarney. Sir Frederick admired the beauty of the scene till the hoarse howling of distant thunder warned him of an approaching storm. He was within half a mile of the castle, but the roads were so bad that speed was impossible. The tempest increased every moment, and threatened destruction to the unfortunate traveler. The thunder rolled tremendously, preceded by vivid glares of lightning. The horses became restive, and an ignorant post-boy served only to embarrass them more and more; and at last, disregarding his spurs and his whip, they sprang off at full gallop. The road was not calculated for a swift pace. Sir Frederick endeavoured to open the carriage-door, but, just as he had accomplished it, the chaise overturned with a dreadful crash. Sir Frederick lost all recollection for nearly ten minutes; and, when he recovered, he found himself extended on a bed, with his head supported on some one's breast. Raising his eyes, he beheld a face such as angels might be fancied with, gazing upon him with the utmost solicitude.

'You are not much hurt, I hope,' said the lovely female, in silver-toned accents.

'Who would feel pain on such a heavenly resting-place?' returned Sir Frederick.

The lady blushed, and laid his head gently on the pillow.

At that moment Philip entered, and informed his master that he had procured a conveyance for him from the castle. Sir Frederick arose, and, bowing to his lovely hostess, took her hand, and pressing it to his lips, thanked her in the most animated language for her kindness and compassion.

The stranger did not reply. Sir Frederick again pressed her hand to his lips, and bade her adieu.

'Adieu!' returned the lady, and hastily retreated by another door.

Sir Frederick stood gazing after her in rapturous admiration. In her stature she rose above the middle size, and was moulded in the most elegant symmetry. Her face was beautiful as the rising sun; her age scarcely seemed seventeen, yet, to all appearance, she was alone in the cottage.

Sir Frederick looked around, and beheld the room furnished with the utmost modern elegance. A pianoforte and a harp occupied different corners of the apartment, and, on a highly-finished satin-wood table, lay several sheets of the newest music, and a flute richly ornamented.

'Who is she?' involuntarily exclaimed Sir Frederick, as he prepared to quit the room. Again turning his head, he gazed upon the door through which the goddess of the fairy apartment had vanished, and longed to penetrate it's recess. He sighed — a soft sigh breathed responsive near him

—he started, and looked eagerly around. No creature was near him except Philip, who stood at the door, and respectfully said, ‘ The carriage is waiting.’

‘ I am ready,’ said Sir Frederick, and rushing past, threw himself into the vehicle, and in half an hour arrived at the castle.

‘ My brother! my beloved brother!’ exclaimed a lady, throwing herself into his arms, and bursting into tears.

Sir Frederick warmly returned the embrace of his sister, and followed her up stairs, where, upon the top, stood a lady in the decline of life, of a tall and erect figure. Pride and hauteur were predominant on her brow; and with a haughty inclination she welcomed Sir Frederick to Killarney castle, and apologised for the absence of her son, who was at the seat of a neighbouring gentleman.

‘ No apology is necessary, madam,’ returned Sir Frederick, disgusted with her supercilious manners: ‘ I should have been very sorry had Sir Henry inconvenienced himself on my account:’ and turning to his sister, he entered into conversation with her, which was not interrupted till the door opened, and a gentleman, booted and spurred, entered.

‘ My husband!’ said Agnes.

Sir Frederick rose and advanced to meet him; Lady Fitzallan rose at the same time, and in a pompous voice introduced them to each other, Sir Frederick Montgomery, and Sir Henry Fitzallan. Sir Henry's appearance was noble and prepossessing, his manners fascinating and polished in the extreme. He now succeeded in gaining his brother's esteem, who was equally agreeable in his eyes. Supper was announced. Lady Fitzallan led the way to a large elegant apartment. Sir Frederick took his sister's hand, and was leading her to the top of the table, when, to his astonishment, the dowager seated herself there. Sir Frederick turned his eyes to Sir Henry, who, guessing their inquiry, turned hastily round, and asked for a glass of wine. Sir Frederick took his seat opposite his sister, and for the rest of the evening remained silent and abstracted. He looked earnestly at Agnes; his heart whispered she was not happy; the roses on her cheeks had given way to the pale lily, and the smile of joy and happiness no longer irradiated her mild blue eyes. The castle clock striking the hour of eleven, warned the company to depart. Left to himself, Sir Frederick's thoughts reverted to the past day: it was in vain he endeavoured to sleep, his mind was disturbed, thought after thought succeeded in quick succession, and the last was as perplexed as the first. Tired of his bed, himself, and every thing, Sir Frederick arose with the dawn, and opening the shutters, gazed on the surrounding scene. The morning was cloudy, and the effects of the last night's storm were still visible: the trees, half-robbed of their foliage, waved with a melancholy sound in the wind, and their faded leaves lay scattered on the ground. All nature was in unison with Sir Frederick's feelings; he softly descended the stairs, and gained the lawn unobserved; he bent his steps towards the cottage that had afforded him shelter the preceding night: it stood on the slope of a hill, that entirely concealed it from the view of the castle; it had quite the ap-

pearance of a cottage on the outside—the thatched roof was almost covered with jessamine and honey-suckle, which twined themselves in luxuriant branches up the walls of the sweet abode. He approached nearer; the shutters were closed, and the stillness of night surrounded the place. Sir Frederick breathed a prayer for the repose of it's beautiful inhabitant: plucking a honey-suckle flower, he put it in his breast, and with lingering steps sought the castle. When he entered the breakfast-room, he found the whole family assembled, with the addition of a lady, whom the dowager introduced as a Miss Spencer, a near relation of her own. The lady in question was a spinster of about forty, with the most chaste and frigid aspect: her features were harsh in the extreme, and her tone of voice more resembled a frog's than a human being. Miss Spencer eyed Sir Frederick with an approving smile. There were very few young gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the castle, consequently Sir Frederick could not but be a welcome guest to Miss Spencer, who had not given over the hopes of marriage yet.

'Pray, where is my little nephew?' said Sir Frederick, in the course of conversation; 'I long to see the sweet fellow.'

The soft eyes of Agnes sought the ground, and a big tear stood trembling on her long silken eyelashes.

'Lady Fitzallan's health,' said the dowager, 'was so delicate after her accouchement, that the child was obliged to be given out to nurse; you shall see him in the course of the day: his nurse is a good affectionate creature, and pays him great kindness and attention.'

'I am glad my sister has been so fortunate,' rejoined Sir Frederick; 'there are very few indeed who merit the appellation of careful nurses.'

Agnes rose and left the room; her emotion could no longer be concealed, and she sought in solitude to give free vent to her tears.

'Pray, madam,' said Sir Frederick, turning to the dowager, with a look she did not at all relish, 'what is the matter with my sister?'

'Indeed I do not know,' returned the dowager; 'Lady Fitzallan's spirits have been very low for this some time past, and her health has been far from good. Her feelings received a severe shock last night on hearing of your accident.'

'Will you take a walk?' said Sir Henry, anxious to put a stop to the conversation. 'The weather is settled; and, if you are a lover of romantic scenes, I am sure I can show you some you will be highly pleased with.'

Sir Frederick assented; and bidding the ladies good morning, went out with Sir Henry. He did indeed find his taste amply gratified. His companion led him to the most beautiful spots, and pointed out to him the most enchanting prospects nature ever formed. Turning a sudden angle of a woody hill, the cottage of the fair unknown presented itself, peeping out through the honey-suckle and surrounding shrubs.

'Who lives in that sweet spot?' asked Sir Frederick.

'Why do you wish to know?' inquired Sir Henry.

'Because,' replied Sir Frederick,

'if I was not convinced that the golden age was no more, I should believe that the fair inhabitant was some celestial goddess, come down from heaven to cheer the sons of earth on their weary pilgrimage.'

'Indeed!' said Sir Henry, 'do you think her so beautiful?'

'Most enchantingly so,' returned Sir Frederick; 'so fair, that she scarce seems an inhabitant of this world. Do you know who she is?'

Sir Henry was evidently embarrassed; his brow lowered—'I have heard of her,' answered he, 'and if report speaks true, she is one of the frailest, as well as one of the fairest daughters of earth.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed Sir Frederick; vice cannot surely dwell in such a heavenly form.'

Sir Henry smiled.

'O! if you saw her,' continued Sir Frederick, 'you would hate yourself for believing ought to her prejudice.'

'I have seen her,' said Sir Henry, 'and agree with you in thinking her extremely beautiful; but surely, my friend, appearances are against her, and authorises in some measure the reports that are in circulation against her. Why is she hereabouts? why does she keep what she is so profound a secret? if she is innocent, why appear so mysterious? But in what way did you get acquainted with her?'

Sir Frederick related his accident.

'Why really, my friend,' said Sir Henry, 'your overturn was in the true style of romance; and, though you have escaped without the loss of life, I perceive you have not been so fortunate with regard to your heart.' Sir Henry had unknowingly touched a chord on which Sir Frederick's sorrows all hung. His face assumed a deadly paleness, his dark eyes rolled with frenzied wildness, he struck his forehead several times with desperate violence. Sir Henry, astonished and alarmed, reproached himself bitterly for evil he knew not he had committed. Sir Frederick's agitation gradually subsided; he took the hand of Sir Henry in his, and pressing it, said, 'Excuse me; there are moments I am beside myself: as you value my peace and happiness, my friend, mention not love to me again; it drives me mad.' He let go the hand of Sir Henry, and in silence returned to the castle. It wanted but a quarter of an hour till dinner; the gentlemen went directly to their different apartments to change their dress.

To be continued.]

ACCOUNT of the new MELODRAMATIC OPERA, in three Acts, intitled, 'PLOTS, or the NORTH TOWER;' performed for the first time on *Monday, Sept.* 3, at the Theatre at the Lyceum.

The CHARACTERS and FABLE are as follow:—

Baron Hexamdale . .	Mr. Dowton.
Earl Malcolm . . .	Mr. Horn.
Gondibert	Mr. Philipps.
Oliver Arson . . .	Mr. Smith.
Austin	Mr. Penson.
Arnulf	Mr. Knight.
Lurcher	Mr. Oxberry.
Oswald	Mr. J. Smith.
Frederica	Miss Griglietti.
Laura	Miss Kelly.

Scene — On the Borders of Scotland, and Northern part of Northumberland.

THE castles of Baron Hexamdale and of Earl Malcolm are situated

near each other. A mutual hatred subsists between these two chiefs, the former having refused the hand of his daughter Frederica, whom the earl has solicited in marriage. Urged by revenge and love, he determines to enter her father's castle by night, and bear her away, and for the purpose employs a body of maranders, whom he keeps in constant pay, to assist him in the enterprise; he is defeated in his purpose by the arrival of Gondibert and his man Oliver, who arrived at the moment he and his party are entering the balcony of Frederica's pavilion. Gondibert and Oliver follow the earl and his party to the chamber, rescue Frederica, and drive away the assailants.

The baron and attendants are alarmed; he accuses Gondibert (whom he had reared an orphan in the castle, and had banished for his presumptuous love of Frederica) as the author of this attack, to claim the credit of his daughter's rescue, and in which he is confirmed by his return without permission, and orders Arnulf, the jailor, to confine him in the round tower. In the bustle Oliver escapes.

A plot is laid between Austin, Laura, and Oliver (who is a lover of Laura's), to free Gondibert. This is overheard by Lurcher, who, in revenge for Laura's having slighted his love, and to procure his own pardon for deer-stealing, discloses the scheme to the baron, whose head is filled with the constant idea of plots and schemes against his peace.

Laura follows Arnulf to the north tower, Gondibert's prison, administering a sleeping potion in wine to Arnulf; he sleeps, and Gondibert is about to escape, but is prevented by the entrance of the baron. He is again secured in the prison; but by accident discovers an iron ring which opens a trap in the floor of the dungeon, and affords him the means of escape.

By many winding passages he descends into a cave beneath the castle of Earl Malcolm, whom he encounters, and is induced to guide back the way he had descended; in doing this he extinguishes the torch, fastens a door by which he entered, leaving the earl and Oswald confined on the side leading to the Baron's castle. Gondibert thus effects his escape, presents himself before the baron, discloses to him the situation of the earl. They repair to the north tower, the earl and Oswald ascend by the trap, being the only way they could pass from their confinement, and are secured by the baron and his people. Austin discloses the secret of the earl having destroyed his elder brother, and attempted to strangle his child (Gondibert) who is recovered by Austin, and laid in the path of the baron, by whom he is fostered. Gondibert succeeds to his rightful inheritance, and receives the hand of Frederica.

This opera, we understand, is from the prolific pen of Mr. Arnold, and it is far from being the least successful of his dramatic efforts. It is greatly superior to any piece of this description that has been brought forward for some time. It is animated and interesting throughout, and the agreeable bustle which pervades the whole, reconciles the audience to what they might otherwise feel disposed to censure as extravagant. The characters are drawn with considerable spi-

rit, but with little novelty. The dialogue is not very brilliant, but in some parts it boasts a more than common portion of energy, and it is but justice to add, that some of the sentiments are at once distinguished by felicity of expression and originality of thought. The incidents are exceedingly well arranged, and admirably connected with each other. The scenes are generally well imagined, and some of them have a prodigious effect. These advantages so eminently possessed by the opera before us, added to those which it must necessarily derive from the pleasing, and in some instances beautiful and original music composed for it by King, will, we have no doubt, make it a favorite with the town. It's reception on the first night was most flattering. It experienced no opposition, and with the exception of one passage, which was hissed, as being somewhat loose, no part of it called forth disapprobation. The encores were frequent, and it was announced for a second representation with really unbouded applause.

We have seldom seen Dowton appear to more advantage in an opera than he did in this. Philipps exerted himself with uncommon success; and Knight, Penson, and Oxberry are entitled to the author's thanks. Miss Griglietti was much admired, and Miss Kelly performed with her usual vivacity.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN addition to the information given in your last Number concerning the *horse of the desert*, and the remarkable instance of rapid travelling there noticed, it may not be un-acceptable to some of your readers to be apprised that Cornelius Nepos, who wrote under the reign of Augustus Cæsar, has recorded an instance of African speed, which, though not equal to that of the lover, may yet serve to support the credibility of that otherwise almost incredible exploit.

In his life of Hannibal, he relates that the Carthaginian chief, after his defeat by Scipio at Zama, fled about three hundred miles in two days and two nights. And, although the biographer does not mention what kind of animal was ridden on this occasion by Hannibal and his followers, we may be allowed to suppose that they used the horse of the desert.

As to the Moors being enabled by their high saddles to ride without bridles, we need not be surprised at that circumstance, since we find, that, in the times of the ancient Romans, some African tribes rode without either saddle or bridle. Virgil incidentally notices that practice in a passage where he has occasion to introduce the Numidians —designating them as the "*unbridled*" Numidians — an expression, which has been mis-understood by some critics, who were not aware of that characteristic trait of African horsemanship, which is more clearly and explicitly described by Lucan, who represents the African guiding with a light twig the steps of his courser, whose mouth is un-acquainted with the bridle, while the rider is equally un-acquainted with the saddle —

Et gens, quæ, nudo residens, Massylia, dorso,
Ora levi flectit frænorum nescia virgâ.
PHARSAL. 4, 682.

I am, Sir,
your constant reader,
and humble servant.
PALÆMON.

Sept. 2, 1810.

ON DISSIMULATION.

With eyes half clos'd, and filmy garments clad,
She creeps behind; still watchful in the dark.
Her poniard hid beneath her mantle black,
Murders when sun, and moon, and stars are veil'd.

THE present construction of society leads every one more or less into the practice of this passion. The most candid characters, who value themselves most on their openness, and who delight in indulging their real sentiments, often fall into it unawares and unknown to themselves, in merely endeavouring to conform to the customs of society. Yet nothing is so open to the detection of others. In fact, it requires but a slender capacity to penetrate the thin veil of dissimulation, provided the observer's own passions are perfectly cool; but when personal interest is involved, few persons have much leisure for investigation.

It is easy enough to deceive by a particular plan or scheme, but not one in a thousand is imposed upon by a systematic affectation of character. Beyond a doubt dissimulation is both difficult and dangerous. Providence has not left the affairs of this world so much in the power of mortals as to be warped at their pleasure with impunity. Whenever they attempt to accomplish any purpose by falsehood, they may rest assured they encounter the whole stream of infinite order and omniscient design.

Man deceives, obtains a particular purpose by a train of stratagems, and fancies he has arrested fate: but he comprehends not that Providence included his very wiles in it's plan, and that however brilliant his success may be, he is but the appointed instrument of Heaven.

Besides, every thing was framed from the beginning, by the Omniscient, with such exquisite harmony, that not an atom in the whole creation is superfluous; and can we suppose the moral world is neglected, or that he who balances the universe will leave events to chance? The appointed duplicity of man hangs on so many threads, that he cannot escape them all. A final development will sooner or later discover it, that Providence may be ruler, and not man.

It may be urged that it is not Providence who is deceived, but only man; but since deception is an attempt to superinduce human plans upon the plans of Providence, it is to be presumed that it cannot endure; and whoever will try himself to recollect the surprising development of hidden actions which he has witnessed, will believe it.

When every thing is transacted openly, the regular order of affairs is perfect. Dissimulation intercepts that order, and would introduce something human into that which is divine; but what is heterogeneous cannot produce harmony;

and every one feels the discord. This is the cause why dissimulation requires such transcendent talents, and why, in spite of them, it is finally detected: for the eternal chain of the designs of Providence cannot be intercepted by us; and therefore, whenever we would add or diminish any thing in it, that is, whenever we attempt to warp truth, wounded nature cries against us, and, in the vindication of her wrongs, will surely accomplish our exposure.

The finite capacity of man knows not that every time he attempts the least violation of truth, he attacks the whole order of the universe, and that it is Providence in all it's omniscience that brings him to detection: Providence orders every thing by it's immutable wisdom: can we hope to succeed in effacing it's designs?

Most men conform their natural bias to the established modes and customs of society, which is an act of civilisation; but some superadd to conformity an enthusiasm for certain parties and opinions. Strong passions and weak intellects betray some men into this as the tools of others; but whenever it is found in a man dependent on the world, his sincerity and probity are much to be suspected, particularly if the man be shrewd.

We do not recollect whose saying it was, but it is worthy of a place here: 'Be upon your guard against all men; but, if you meet with one who has an unusual religious sanctity, be ten times more guarded.'

Most men's conviction of virtue is superior to their practice; and so sensible are they of the becoming aspect which virtue bears, that they endeavour to assume her semblance when they will not be at the pains of possessing her in reality, which is a general source of dissimulation that extends it's ramifications into the most trifling and indifferent actions; for, if it were not for the prevailing wish of appearing amiable, what would become of poor civility?

Dissimulation is of two kinds; that which we practise upon others, and that which we practise upon ourselves; the latter of which is far more subtle and dangerous. Whenever we seek to justify to our own reflections some actions for which they promptly condemn us, we are self-deceivers.

When you hear a person openly acknowlege a vice, and, calling it a vice, blame himself, and yet own that he is guilty, beware of giving that person credit for candor. There is not a meaner or more audacious attempt to swindle praise he is conscious of not meriting than this. It arises not from any openness or candor, but from the gluttonous desire of being admired for virtue and gratitude by the indulgence of vice at the same time. This is one of the dissimulations we practise upon ourselves.

Sensible that the vice itself must meet the disapprobation of every one, the obdurated culprit, resolved not to part with it, seeks to justify it; and not being able to do this in a direct manner (for who can directly mistake vice for virtue?), endeavours to cover it with another virtue, and with a candor, as he imagines, bereaves censure of it's severity by the facile, open, guileless sweetness of his confession. But were it the sincerity of real conviction, he would endeavour to amend. Real conviction always brings repent-

ance, and repentance always brings humility, which produces a seriousness very different from the gay, impudent, thoughtless ease with which such affected confessions are made.

Confession without real conviction is nothing but an open avowal of the choice of vice, and is an atrocity greater than the vice itself. If any one would really lay claim to the merit of candor, let him do it where there is no hope of reward, but rather a risk of detriment. Should his superior ask his real opinion of his hobby-horse, and should he candidly acknowlege he did not not admire it, he then would merit the praise of candor; but, if his affected openness is only to conduct to his eventual glory, it is selfishness under a borrowed veil.

Candor, by the very nature of it, must lead to the disadvantage of the person, or his submission at least, or it is no candor, but the most artful self-interest; so that to judge of a person's sincerity when he makes any candid avowals, you have only to weigh whether they reflect more credit on his said candor, or discredit on his vice; whether they lead to any humiliation, and also whether he persists in the thing he acknowleges to be wrong; or if it be of a single action, whether he endeavours to repair the damage he did by it. — All boasting is imposition, and consequently dissimulation. A man who boasts injures his own understanding. He suffers the wish to appear greater than he is to delude his judgement into the belief that he really does appear so; by neglecting to observe the thoughts of others, he loses his discernment; and while he attempts to impose upon mankind, greatly imposes upon himself; for, beginning with a desire to be thought so and so, he ends with believing it himself; for it is a natural progress of the human mind to imbibe a considerable portion of whatever it adopts with earnestness. Long continued hypocrisy usually ends with enthusiasm.

There is a species of dissimulation which belongs to men of consummate prudence. Far from arising from want of candor, it results more from the head than the heart, and is the consequence of experience and reflection. It is that necessary caution with which a man who knows the world conducts his affairs, and which prompts him to wrap himself in reserve till he has penetrated others. It differs from mere reserve; for, though it maintains a strict retirement of sentiment, it yet holds an active intercourse to obtain the sentiments of others. This constitutes prudence.

The additional and instant smiles which most people assume at the sight of strangers, is a certain act of dissimulation; though such is the shallow fondness of mankind, that they generally succeed in obtaining the good opinion they seek. But beneath these superficial blandishments lie selfishness, insincerity, coldness, vanity. We need not enlarge on this subject, as we shall have occasion to resume it when treating on good temper.

It is certainly very possible to receive a stranger with a glow of cheerfulness, and an expression of graciousness, and even be more amiable for it; but we maintain that such a deportment is the result of education. You never will find it in a man left to nature;

that is, in fact, it is an act of the world, and is not at all to be considered as any real benevolence. How should benevolence arise where merit is unknown, and the total want of intercourse has occasioned no reciprocal kindness? Were all mankind invariably estimable, such spontaneous benevolence might be real, because man and virtue would then be synonymous ideas; but as the reverse is impressed upon every one's conviction, all that a smiling stranger can lay claim to is good manners.

Nothing is more common than for people to endeavour to hide their own faults by violently magnifying those of others; but this is a vulgar piece of dissimulation which the vulgar themselves can easily see through. It is a more refined piece of hypocrisy to pretend to praise a person for merit in which the whole world knows him to be deficient.

Whenever any one adopts any public opinion, or party, or pursuit, with extravagant vehemence, he may fairly be suspected of dissimulation; nor can he exculpate his integrity but at the expence of his intellects; for extravagance must be either duplicity or folly. When a man's circumstances are below those he flatters, it is probable that duplicity is the cause of his zeal.

Having given some hints how dissimulation may be discerned, we shall examine it's moral quality. Dissimulation, to vulgar apprehension, implies strongly the idea of moral deformity; but that is far from being always an inevitable attendant. A civilised and refined character has always more or less dissimulation; that is, hiding the real intention and sentiment, and even assuming different ones; yet the benevolence of such a person may remain uncorrupted, and his apparent want of candor may arise from his being superior to those with whom he converses, which makes him think it would be some degradation to act upon equal terms. Prudence too frequently injoins it.

The reason why society at large regard it with signal horror is, that the pride of the human heart is peculiarly hurt at the idea of being made it's dupe; besides, general safety is threatened by it, therefore self-preservation will not tolerate it. These are the motives that most powerfully rouse the vengeance of mankind; though how it's internal turpitude can be proved to be superior to that of many vices that escape so severe a censure, we are at a loss to understand.

If human happiness be made the criterion of virtue, it certainly is a very great crime, as it infringes materially upon that; but, if we allow another standard of purity to consist in a general reference to the eternal glory of God, we may perhaps perceive that dissimulation is far from being highest in the scale of iniquity. Not that these remarks are suggested as an excuse for a crime, but only to teach mankind not to mingle their own peculiar feelings and interests in their moral notions.

So many distinctions are to be met with in the human character, and so many shades in the same passion, that well may it be said, that, to attain a knowlege of the whole creation, you must begin with the study of atoms; for he who comprehends only the outlines in the picture of man, may write very good reflections, but he will leave out all those tints that

make up the living intercourse, and, while he reasons at large, will be perpetually surprised at particular instances; while a delicate observer seises those minute but precious circumstances that connect the whole together, and prepare him for the developement, and even the anticipation of particular instances. For man acts not fortuitously. The most thoughtless are bound in the immense chain that links us all; and, after all, their carelessness cannot escape the eternal sympathy that was pre-ordained. Therefore, in the wildest eccentricity, look for some chain of dependence by which they hang connected in the grand design, which keeps them in their place whether they will or not; and by which you may trace their characteristic, relation, and subserviency. This will also lead to the discovery of their own rules and laws.

When fiends destroyed the innocence of man,
Dissimulation's direful reign began.
In deepest veil, and mantle dark as night,
She hides her form, uncomely to the sight:
A rosy garland in her hand she bears,
Whose fragrance blesses, whilst the thorn still tears.
For ever watchful of the fated hour,
She smiles, and wounds, and kills with sweetest power.

THE CRUSADER.

A LEGEND.

(From the Novel of 'Scenes in Feudal Times,' by R. H. Wilmot, lately published.)

THE evening was far advanced; and still Sir Herman, alone and restless, continued pacing his tent. The carousals of victory had yielded to the repose of night, the chiefs had retired to their tents, and silence reigned throughout the camp. That day had been auspicious to the fame of Sir Herman. At the head of a small detachment he had attacked a large body of the enemy, and, after a severe contest, had put them to flight, and taken prisoner the son of the Prince of Damascus, distinguished among the most powerful and inveterate foes of the Christian arms.

For this important achievement Sir Herman had received, in presence of the army, the thanks of it's illustrious commander. The toils and dangers of war were forgotten in mirthful triumph, and, surrounded by festivity, Sir Herman beheld the sun set on the plains of Joppa. He knew not that his sun of glory had set for ever.

Exulting in success, in the ardor of youthful ambition, he had early retired to plan new and more splendid exploits: but the attempt was vain. He no longer felt pride; the praises of veterans, and the congratulations of friendship, were remembered with indifference. The gaiety which had so lately delighted, his associates gave place to a vague and undefined sensation of impending evil: and, without any apparent cause, Sir Herman experienced that strange emotion which sometimes darkly announces the important epochs in the lives of individuals.

Unconscious of the lapse of time, and unable to fix his attention, he was traversing his tent, when between the folds of the curtain which covered the entrance he thought he perceived a black standing. His lamp, long un-

trimmed, burned dimly, and the sable color of the figure rendered it more obscure. While Sir Herman looked to ascertain the reality of this singular appearance, the curtain was slowly raised, and discovered the head of a black encircled by a white turban. The knight drew his sword, and rushed forward. He put aside the curtain, which had been suddenly closed on his first movement; but the extreme darkness prevented his distinguishing objects. No moon, scarcely even a star, appeared. From a tent at a short distance, a faint stream of light issued; and Sir Herman, imagining that he discerned there the shade of some person who continued stationary, advanced towards it.

On reaching the tent, Sir Herman found at the entrance the knight to whom it belonged, who, oppressed by the excessive heat of the weather, had come there to enjoy the breeze, which had lately risen. Sir Herman eagerly inquired whether he had seen any one pass within a few moments. The knight, surprised at the question and the earnestness with which it was made, replied in the negative.

To search further amid the numerous avenues of the camp, Sir Herman thought would be useless. Indeed, the improbability that any person could elude the vigilance of the numerous centinels, and wander about undiscovered, induced him to believe that his senses had deceived him.

As Sir Herman entered his tent, he heard the signal given for changing the watch. Surprised, he looked towards the hour-glass: the last grains were falling; it was midnight. Sir Herman impatiently waited till the guard had executed this duty, before he commenced his usual visit to the part of the camp appropriated to his troops; for, in the strange confusion of his thoughts this evening, the time at which he was accustomed to perform this circuit had passed unobserved.

As soon as silence was restored in the camp, he sallied forth, anxious to repair this unintentional neglect. The heavy clouds which a little before had obscured the heavens, were now more scattered, and, in the spaces between them, the moon transiently appeared. One side of the camp was skirted by an extensive forest, so thick as to be deemed an effectual barrier against any hostile attempt, and, in consequence of this opinion, the centinels here were fewer and at much greater intervals than on any other quarter.

Sir Herman had completed his round, and was returning down this avenue, when, in the most lonely part, he distinguished, by a sudden ray of the moon, another shadow beside his own. Turning to ascertain the cause of this appearance, he perceived a black closely following him. Except his sword, Sir Herman was unarmed, having exchanged his armor for a habit better adapted to the climate. This circumstance, however (if it occurred to him), did not influence his conduct; for, regardless of danger, he sprang towards the black, with the intention of seising him: but, at that moment, a thick cloud shot rapidly across the moon, and totally obscured it. In vain Sir Herman attempted to penetrate the profound darkness; in vain were his arms extended over the spot where he had seen the black:

they encountered only the stones and sand flying before a whirlwind, which, with sudden and desolating fury, rushed along the edge of the forest.

Amid the loud roaring of the storm among the trees, Sir Herman distinguished the murmurs of a voice harsh and dissonant: again it sounded — 'Sir knight, follow me!' was pronounced so close to the ear of Sir Herman, that he felt the heat of the breath against his cheek. He started, and demanded who was there? 'One who has sworn to accomplish his purpose, or die! Follow me, and you will soon know more.' Sir Herman was about to speak, when a blaze of light issued from the camp, proceeding from a numerous body of soldiers bearing flaming brands; and the name of Sir Herman resounded on all sides. 'To-night it is impossible; but we shall meet again,' said the black: and Sir Herman, turning his head, beheld him enter the forest.

The momentary storm had destroyed a part of the camp in Sir Herman's quarters. The soldiers who repaired to his tent for instructions on this occasion, finding him absent, and apprehensive for his safety, made search after him. Their approach interrupted his interview with the black.

The singularity of his recent adventure, and curiosity to pursue the mystery, induced Sir Herman to suppress all mention of it. After having in a general manner satisfied the inquiries of his friends, he withdrew to his tent, and, for a few hours, forgot in sleep his perplexity and unsatisfactory conjectures.

Early the next morning, ambassadors from the prince of Damascus arrived at the camp to treat for the ransom of his son. Beside the immense sum in gold and jewels which they were commissioned to tender to Sir Herman for the liberty of their captive prince, they were directed to offer to the Christian allies the surrender of two towns which they had for a long time vainly besieged.

Sir Herman considered these terms highly advantageous. As the captor of the young prince it was in his power independently to have acceded to them; but he thought himself bound to consult the other leaders on an affair in which their welfare was so intimately concerned. Affected by the ambassador's pathetic representations of the grief and despair into which the captivity of the prince had plunged his parents, Sir Herman was strongly inclined to grant their request: but in the rest of the commanders this circumstance produced an opposite opinion.

The greatness of the present offers led them forth into the most extravagant expectations. They looked forward with confident hope to the possession of the object of all their toils and dangers. The surrender of Jerusalem, as the price of the prince's liberty, seemed a probable event. Sir Herman, though less sanguine, yielded to their judgement, and reluctantly dismissed the ambassadors.

During this day the troops enjoyed repose; for in the hourly expectation of receiving new proposals from the prince of Damascus the projected operations were suspended. Evening came; but it brought not the desired intelligence, and many with heavy

hearts watched the decline of that sun which had witnessed their hopes. As the day closed, the sounds of mirth ceased, and the soldiers silently retired, with minds cheerless and gloomy as the gathering shades of night.

All was profoundly still; yet Sir Herman slept not. His fancy continually presented to his view the prince of Damascus and his despairing family, such as the ambassadors had represented them. As in imagination he contemplated their distress he accused himself of inhumanity, and regretted, that, listening to the suggestions of a sordid and delusive policy, he had renounced the opportunity of restoring their happiness.

These ideas, if not excited, were at least more strongly impressed on the mind of Sir Herman, since he had visited the captive prince. His tender age (for he had not yet completed his twelfth year) joined to the greatness of his misfortune and the fortitude with which he sustained it, inspired Sir Herman with admiration and compassion. He easily conceived the excessive grief which the loss of such a child under any circumstances must occasion; but in this case he felt it more peculiarly distressing: the three brothers of the young Abdallah had perished in battle, and left him the sole survivor.

Harassed by these unpleasant reflections, Sir Herman quitted his couch, and sought to banish them by reviewing some new and daring plans which he had before sketched. While engaged in this attempt sleep surprised him. From an unsettled slumber he was suddenly awaked by a slight noise; and opening his eyes, he beheld the black standing beside him. Sir Herman started from his seat, and seised his sword which lay on the table before him.

A dagger was in the hand of the black, who, anticipating the next movement of Sir Herman, presented it to his breast, at the same time saying in a firm though suppressed tone, 'Move not, if you value your life. It is not that I seek. If it were, what hindered my taking it while you slept? Affection and despair have placed me above fear, and in my dangerous purpose you alone can aid me.' As he spoke his eyes were fixed upon Sir Herman. The transient flash of rage, which burst from them, was lost in the glare of settled malignity. His extended arm brandished the dagger on high, while with enthusiastic bitterness he exclaimed, 'Grant, holy prophet, revenge; revenge for all our sufferings.' The rays of the lamp suspended in the centre of the tent fell on him, and revealed with accuracy his countenance and figure. His stature far exceeded the common height: athletic and vigorous, his port was lofty and commanding; an air of fierce severity characterised his features rough and inharmonious. His large full eyes gleamed with a terrible expression, and in his thick brows defiance lowered.

Sir Herman regarded him attentively. Astonishment and curiosity succeeded to resentment. The black moved towards the entrance of the tent. 'Sir Knight,' said he 'follow me, silence and darkness be our companions.'

'Whither and for what purpose?' demanded Sir Herman.

'The moments are precious. Follow me, and you will soon know.'

Sir Hermam paused. Prudence and doubt opposed the ardent desire which he felt to penetrate the mystery. His suspense was short. Bold, impetuous and young, the latter emotion prevailed. 'Proceed,' said he to the black; and grasping his sword, he quitted the tent.

The night was dark and heavy. Scarce a star glimmered to guide their steps as they silently passed along one of the most obscure avenues of the camp. Emerging from the tents, they reached the confines of the forest, unperceived by the centinels.

The black, hastily putting aside the branches and underwood, entered this, as Sir Herman imagined, pathless wilderness. With a swiftness difficult to equal, he wound his way among the trees, sometimes turning to the right and to the left, in endless variety.

Sir Herman, bewildered among the numerous intricacies, soon lost all knowlege of the way in which they wandered. He was even uncertain in what direction the camp stood. Neither spoke, as Sir Herman, wondering what would be the termination of this strange adventure, continued to follow his conductor. The winding path at length brought them to a small opening in the forest. 'Hasten,' exclaimed the black. A loud rustling was heard among the trees on the opposite side, and from beneath their shade two blacks advanced, each leading a dromedary.

The black immediately sprang on one, and motioning to Sir Herman to mount the other, said, 'Our journey is not long, but we must be speedy; for by yonder planet setting behind those trees, it is already near midnight. Come, Sir Knight, dispatch,' he continued, perceiving him hesitate.

Sir Herman remained musing. It was now that an apprehension of treachery first occurred. He knew that the success which had generally attended his arms had rendered him extremely obnoxious to the infidels: they had even sworn, that, were he once their prisoner, no ransom would induce them to restore his liberty. He fixed his eyes on the countenance of the black; who, as if he conjectured what was passing in his mind, solemnly assured him, in the name of the prophet, that no evil was designed against him, but that his purpose would be defeated by delay.

The indecision of Sir Herman did not continue. Again his curiosity triumphed over prudence, and he ascended the animal; which, bounding forward, eagerly followed it's companion. The knight felt reluctance and regret, but they came too late: the moment was passed which determined his destiny. It was then that, drooping her head, his better genius with a sigh resigned her charge, and the fatal sisters in their gloomy hall of visions plied their loom. While they wove the dark web of Sir Herman's fate, they sung, in a mournful measure, of beauty's mighty power, of glory lost, of love and death.

After nearly an hour's ride, Sir Herman discerned at no great distance various lights. 'We must dismount here,' said the black; and having fastened the animals to a tree, he directed Sir Herman to follow him in silence. On quitting the forest, the knight perceived that they were within a

camp, and that the lights which he had before observed indistinctly through the trees, proceeded from numerous lamps suspended from a pavilion. The black conducted Sir Herman by an obscure avenue on one side to a tent nearly adjoining to the pavilion, and immediately withdrew.

The suspicions of Sir Herman recurred, and left to himself, he indulged the anxious reflections to which his situation gave rise. Not a sound broke the profound stillness: it seemed as if the camp was uninhabited. Beside the black, Sir Herman had beheld no human being; on their approach they had encountered no sentinels: silence and uncertainty impressed Sir Herman with a kind of awful expectation. Was this suspense the prelude of death?

This unpleasant reverie was shortly interrupted. A curtain which he had not before observed, placed on one side of the tent, was withdrawn, and a female voice invited him to advance. Sir Herman looked round for the person who had spoken, and at the opposite extremity perceived a female black, who motioned to him to approach. At the same time she raised the embroidered silk which covered the entrance, and ushered Sir Herman into a most superb pavilion.

On each side, in golden tripods, the choicest perfumes of the East were burning, and the blaze of innumerable tapers was reflected with dazzling brightness from the hangings highly ornamented and nearly covered with silver. At the farther end, on a sopha a little raised above the rest of the apartment, a lady reclined in a dejected attitude; and on either hand, at a respectful distance, three female slaves were standing.

On the entrance of Sir Herman, who paused in astonishment at this unexpected scene, the lady rose from the sopha, and slowly advanced towards him. 'Illustrious warrior,' said she, 'in whose power it has pleased the holy Allah to place the destiny of our house, deign to listen to my supplication. And thou, O great prophet,' she continued, dropping on her knee and raising her clasped hands, 'who from thy bowers of bliss beholdest our sorrow, inspire his heart with pity!'

While she spoke, her veil slipped aside, and revealed to Sir Herman a countenance of majestic sweetness. Her eyes, in which a tear trembled, met his. It was only for an instant. A deep suffusion stained her cheek; and with eager haste she replaced her veil. Sir Herman remained gazing on her. An emotion new, exquisite, and indescribable, absorbed his faculties; for, though educated in a court, he had never before experienced the empire of beauty. With respectful tenderness he raised her; and, perceiving her extreme agitation, he besought her to inform him in what manner he could have the happiness to serve her.

After a few minutes, she replied, 'In me you behold the daughter of the Prince of Damascus, the sister of the unfortunate Abdallah.' The emotion of the princess obliged her to pause; but in a short time she subdued her feelings, and, with pathetic eloquence, implored the liberation of her brother. Sir Herman, indignant and shocked by a request so inimical to his honor, was silent; but his countenance reveal-

ed what he forbore to express. There the princess read the annihilation of her hopes.

The generosity and humanity for which Sir Herman was justly celebrated, had induced her to believe with the usual facility of distress, which eagerly seises the most feeble prospect of relief, that an appeal to his benevolence might perhaps dispose him to relax from the severity of war, and restore the young Abdallah to his afflicted parents. This romantic and chimerical expectation, the offspring of despair, had hitherto supported her spirits. It failed; and, destitute of any other resource, she yielded to the bitterness of hopeless grief. Insensibility did not come to her aid; but she uttered no complaint, as, reclined in the arms of her attendants, she poignantly felt the anguish of disappointment.

Sir Herman beheld her sorrow with compassion; resentment was succeeded by pity. He considered in her request only the affection which dictated it, and which intitled her to respect and esteem.

The attendants, apprehensive of her fainting, had removed her veil. The mingled grief and submission displayed on her countenance, wrought powerfully on the heart of the knight; and, anxious to mitigate her distress, he promised to show every indulgence towards the young prince, and, as far as his duty permitted, to fulfil with solicitous attention her wishes respecting him.

These assurances relieved the apprehensions of the princess, and with graceful dignity she expressed her gratitude. Mutually pleased, they were not conscious of the lapse of time; and both, with surprise and regret, heard the black who had conducted Sir Herman announce that the morning would shortly dawn. Sir Herman lingered yet a few moments, and then reluctantly withdrew.

How different were his emotions on entering and quitting the pavilion! A new and powerful passion engaged his thoughts, as through the intricate mazes of the forest he followed his conductor in silence. On reaching the confines of the camp, the black quitted him, and, unobserved, Sir Herman gained his tent.

The next morning Sir Herman, anxious to fulfil his promise to the princess, removed the young Abdallah to a tent adjoining his own; and, granting him every possible indulgence, endeavoured to relieve the gloom of captivity. The prince, not insensible to his kindness, soon beheld Sir Herman with pleasure, and the character of conqueror was lost in that of friend.

It was in vain that Sir Herman exerted his interest with the other leaders to obtain their consent to the liberation of the prince; but vexation at having refused terms which they now with reason apprehended would not be granted, rendered them inaccessible to pity. They were the more confirmed in this determination by recent intelligence, that the Prince of Damascus, irritated by the rejection of his liberal offers, and by their presumptuous expectations, had repaired to Jerusalem, resolved to defend it to the last extremity, and to effect his son's liberation by force.

The mild and engaging manners of the young prince, joined to his striking resemblance to the princess his sister, daily increased Sir Herman's regard for him; and,

renouncing gayer society, his leisure hours were spent with the captive Abdallah.

Such was the state of affairs, when Sir Herman one night beheld the black enter his tent. After apologising for his intrusion, he informed Sir Herman that the princess was ill, and wished much to see him. The knight hesitated: his inclination and his honor were at variance. To hold a clandestine correspondence with the family of the avowed enemy of his friends and of the cause which he had engaged to support, was repugnant to his principles. He was sensible that he ought not to accept the invitation; yet the consideration of the affliction which his refusal would occasion to the princess, and his extreme desire of once more beholding her, rendered him unable to obey the dictates of prudence. He went. The sight of the princess only increased his fatal passion. Love and pity took full possession of his soul; and, notwithstanding the danger which attended them, these clandestine visits were frequently repeated, in defiance of the constantly violated resolution that each should be the last.

It was not probable that, with the greatest caution, these nocturnal excursions could long remain unknown. The black was observed one night by the centinels traversing the camp, and he with difficulty eluded their pursuit. His sudden disappearance, joined to his color and extraordinary stature, impressed the soldiers with awe, and induced them to believe that they had beheld some supernatural being.

This adventure would perhaps have been soon forgotten, but for the envy of a young knight whose glory Sir Herman had eclipsed, and who had long watched an opportunity of destroying his rival's fame. He encouraged and confirmed the account of the soldiers, by declaring that he had himself more than once witnessed the same appearance, and attempted to follow it, but always lost it near Sir Herman's tent.

This declaration was indeed partly true, but he was also acquainted with other circumstances which at present he did not think it prudent to mention. He had traced the black to Sir Herman's tent; he had followed their steps to that of the young Abdallah, and, through an opening in the curtain, had beheld the black prostrate himself before the sleeping prince; and had heard Sir Herman renew the solemn promise which he had given to the princess of shortly restoring her brother's liberty.

The strange and marvelous report of the soldiers was soon circulated throughout the camp, and Sir Herman, whom they most concerned, was as usual the only person ignorant of them: but, though unacquainted with the cause, his penetration enabled him to perceive, notwithstanding the artifices used to conceal it, that he was become an object of curiosity.

These conjectures, instead of suspending, only hastened the accomplishment of his resolution. To his affection for the princess he had sacrificed his glory, but not his honor: in no respect had he betrayed the interests of his friends, till, subdued by her pathetic solicitations, he had sworn to liberate the young prince. That hour closed his brilliant prospects; the hopes and objects of pursuit,

which had filled the long vista of succeeding years, faded from his view. To fulfil his promise, and die with dignity, alone engaged his thoughts.

Abdallah was restored to his kindred and country. Sir Herman accompanied him. It was the last time he should behold the princess. As he witnessed the paternal tenderness of their meeting, he experienced the reward of his benevolence: to insure their happiness he had resigned his own.

Inspired by gratitude, both united in soliciting Sir Herman to remain with them. As the preserver of Abdallah, all the pleasures which wealth and titles could bestow courted his acceptance: he might still be near the object of his fondest affection. Such were the thoughts of Sir Herman, as he listened in silence to their earnest request. He was indeed unable to reply; for, though his resolution was not to be shaken, their kindness made the moment of parting more cruelly severe. Long delayed, it came at last. With difficulty he tore himself from them: 'The bitterness of death is past,' he exclaimed, as he rushed from the pavilion.

The day had dawned some time, and, as Sir Herman traversed the forest, the sun rose with unusual splendor. He stoped to contemplate for the last time this magnificent spectacle. It was the last morning of his existence. To him it had risen never to set. In a few hours, day and night would be to him the same. Awfully sublime ideas filled his mind, as he cast a parting glance around, and slowly pursued his way.

On reaching the camp, he repaired to the tent of the monarch who then commanded the army. Here he found the chiefs assembled. On his entrance their countenances expressed surprise, in some mingled with joy, but in the greater part with fear. Sir Herman, without regarding them, advanced to the foot of the throne, and demanded of his native sovereign a private audience.

His request was immediately granted; and to him Sir Herman made a full disclosure of his conduct. With all the particulars, except his motives, the king was already acquainted. The motions of Sir Herman had been observed by the prying eye of envy; and scarcely had he quitted the camp with the young prince, when, in consequence of this intelligence, he was hastily pursued; but the intricacies of the forest baffled the exertions of his enemies, and soon obliged them to renounce the attempt. At the moment of his arrival, the chiefs were engaged in deciding on his fate.

Sir Herman did not seek to interest the king in his favor. He confessed his guilt, declared his life forfeited by the laws of military discipline, and desired that the sentence might be immediately executed. But, though in the flower of his age he could thus tranquilly resign life, his fame was still dear to him; and he entreated that, after his death, the motives of his conduct might be made public.

The king's pity was strongly excited by the candid avowal of Sir Herman; but his guilt was too generally known, and his example too dangerous, to admit of pardon. Had it been offered, Sir Herman would have rejected it.

with scorn: his honor was forfeited, and he disdained to live.

The troops were formed. As Sir Herman entered the fatal circle, they hung their heads; they would not by their looks insult his fallen fortune. Repeated acts of kindness had greatly endeared him to them; and at this moment they remembered only his benevolence and valor.

The archers prepared their bows, and the signal was given. A deep and general sigh burst from the surrounding multitude as the arrows cut the air. Sir Herman was no more!

MODERN SEDUCTION.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

[*Concluded from* p. 361.]

PLEASURE danced in the eyes of Captain Briant as he stepped forward to meet his Clara; he told her he had been riding all round the adjacent villages of the metropolis, to find a sweet retired spot, where, unmolested by intruders, they might spend the first few months of their marriage, previous to their making the tour of England. 'On the borders of Wimbledon Common,' continued he, 'there stands a neat, charming little cottage, furnished and adorned by the hand of taste: thinking that my Clara could not form any objection, I paid the advance, and took it for three months certain.'

Yarington pressed the extended hand of William, while a heavenly smile of gratitude returned her thanks for his goodness.

'This morning I was at Somerset-House,' resumed he, 'to view the exhibition; I only wanted my little girl to have made me happy by her company; but, just as I was going in, a chariot drove up with a lady and child. At the first sight I thought it was Miss Rockingham, and perhaps yourself with her: I sauntered slowly, to be convinced, when the child called "Papa" so loudly, two or three times, that I was compelled to stop. The exclamation, I saw, gave the lady pain, as the child still continued calling—"Papa, papa, come here!" Politeness demanded I should walk to the carriage, which I did, to quiet the obstinate child, who would not be convinced but that I was her papa. I begged leave to carry her up to the exhibition, which the lady accepted with thanks, and after sufficiently inspecting many of the fine paintings and pieces of sculpture, I slipped from the presence of my noisy intruder, and came to meet my angel!'

'I should think,' said Clara, half angry, 'there was something of instinct in the child's address.' The brightness of her countenance was for a few moments overcast as she walked pensively by the side of William.

'Instinct!' said he, and he laid particular stress on the word; 'what! jealous? My Clara, you must not regard every appearance—trifles sometimes amount, in the mind's eye, to reality; and, by giving way to the slightest atom of jealousy, you know not what a foundation of unhappiness you secure to yourself. Custom sanctions, my dear, forms in genteel life, that may bear the appearance

of criminality; but, when justly viewed, they become perfectly innocent. Criminality is too often attached where it never reared it's head; for, by a pedant or a preacher, even affability of conversation is sometimes set down as criminal. Judge every action of your fellow-creatures impartially, and never harbour jealousy, if you wish to be happy with a man who addresses you.'

Clara felt ashamed of her weakness: Briant had reproached her, and the coldness of his manner wounded her to the soul; tears came to her relief. William perceived them, and, too generous to bear anger with her who looked to him for support and protection, he could not refrain from sealing the kiss of pardon on her lips.

'You wondered at my delay this morning,' said Yarington: 'I could not come out at the usual time. Mrs. Rockingham was unwell; she therefore demanded my attendance to prepare her breakfast, which I was under the necessity of doing, as my friend Jessy is gone on a visit for a few days to Richmond, to see a favorite little Scotch girl, who has recently returned from Miss Powerscourt's native mountains. The meeting will be sweet, and so tenderly interesting, that I could almost envy my Jessy's happiness.'

'Even though your own is so fast approaching,' said Briant quickly.

'My own!' said Clara, and a sigh escaped her trembling lips. 'My own!' repeated she; 'ah, Briant! when I think what meanness and ingratitude I must have resort to, my heart is wrung with anguish and despair.'

'If you value Mrs. Rockingham's esteem and Jessy's love in preference to mine,' said William, 'I have done; we then had better meet no more, as every moment only increases our dangerous interviews, which, if you mean to bring to no conclusion, shall end this day.'

There was a wildness in his manner, a distraction in his look, as his eyes turned to the canal, that struck terror to the soul of Clara.

'O! talk not thus,' she cried; 'I will be yours; but I must repeat again, what I have so often done before, that on the day when I leave the protecting care of Mrs. Rockingham, never to return, I shall place my life and everlasting happiness in your hands; therefore, if you in the least repent the solemn promises you have made me, say so, before it is too late: I shall not hate you for it, believe me, only sigh at finding one false, whom I had ever thought the standard of genuine truth—of genuine love. If you deceive me, Briant, if you mean to humble, not to exalt by honorable terms her who never doubted your truth, say so now. It is Thursday; recollect, on Saturday it will be too late! When Clara leaves St. James's, she never returns thither again.' Her hands were clasped with supplicating earnestness, her tearful eyes raised to heaven, while she bent forward to kneel at his feet.

'Heavenly maid!' said William, raising her from her suppliant posture; 'when I cease to keep my vows sacred, may Heaven disregard me as the worst of brutes. That man who could, as I have done, behold you, in a situation where nothing but temptation surrounded you, conduct yourself with the spotless demeanour of

an angel; who could coolly and designing look on your face, where innocence in mild radiance sits enthroned to listen to your sentiments fraught with ingenuous virtue; that being who could lay a snare to undermine such innocence! could not be a man, but must be a monster, a monster in a human form, to sully such matchless purity.'

Briant paused—'What says my lovely wife? does she still have a doubt on her mind of my sincerity, of her William's honorable love?'

'Not one,' returned Clara timidly, 'they are all evaporated and secure in the proofs I have now received. I must leave you till to-morrow, perhaps it will be the afternoon, before I can see you, as I have various little trifles to arrange which I am compelled to do before ....' Saturday was faintly added, and at the usual spot they once more separated, soon to meet again. To part no more was the idea that thrilled through the frame of Yarington; and with the delusive thought that a few days would take her from dependence to place her in affluence, her cares were lulled to oblivion, and she anticipated the pleasure her beloved mother would feel in her happiness, which made her more than ever bless the hour when her good angel introduced Briant to her acquaintance. William had laid down the plan which Clara was to follow, and although she shrunk from committing a wrong action, his seductive arguments so over-ruled her own just reasoning so much, that she promised implicitly to follow his advice. She was to ask Mrs. Rockingham's leave to go out to see her aunt, and on this pretence she would obtain leave to go out of doors without Miss Rockingham. The captain was to be in waiting to conduct her to Mrs. Clayton's, where she was to remain till the following Monday, when the transported bridegroom would come with his friend Tarlington, and convey her in the carriage of the latter to church, to give her a legal claim to his name and fortune. They were then to proceed to Wimbledon till they made the tour of England, as Briant had several sisters married to gentlemen of landed property in different counties, and to these, his sisters, whom he had not seen since he first went abroad, he would introduce his Clara, his idolised wife, who by her gentleness of manners would win their hearts to love and esteem!—one Clara was already taught to love. Primrose Bailey, William had said was his particular favorite. He had depictured her as amiable and engaging, as being the soother of her aged mother, the tender nurse of her infirm father, and gentle arbitress of all little jealousies and disputes between her more boisterous sisters and himself. She therefore eagerly wished for the day when his sister Primrose would have more claim on her affection. By praising Mrs. Bailey, William appeared more than ever interesting to Clara. She herself had tender ties, which were ever dear to her heart, but now doubly so by being so far, so very far separate. They therefore would mingle their praises together, and filial love and affection appeared to animate both hearts with equal warmth.—Friday afternoon arrived, the last time that the lovers were to meet in the Park. Clara was serenely

tranquil; Briant in happy exultation. Their favorite spot was opposite Westminster Abbey, and there did Yarington first receive the pledge that was to make her the wife of William, the glittering pledge of love! With seeming fervor Briant repeated the most solemn vows of everlasting affection, and that he would not hold them less sacred till he placed it legally there on Monday morning. Clara's animated countenance spoke her happiness, while her eyes were every moment riveted to the ring on her finger. Her hand had never appeared to such advantage, though she had by nature one soft and small. Her fingers were delicate and well turned, and in preserving them she had ever taken great care; but now the additional bauble made them appear trebly so. The white hand of Mrs. Rockingham was nothing: her fingers were too long, her hand was too wide, but Clara's were exact in symmetry and proportion. So said Briant as he pressed to his lips the wedding hand of his wife.

'But now, my Clara,' said he, 'I have one thing, and only one thing, that lays heavy on my mind.'

Yarington looked pale; she sighed; she withdrew her hand from his tender grasp. 'An unpleasant matter happened the other evening at the Theatre between my friend Tarlington and another gentleman in the same box. Tarlington would be pacified, on condition of asking public pardon, but nothing will satisfy the other party but blood: they are therefore to meet to-morrow morning to settle all differences. I am to accompany my friend as his second: I shall use my best endeavours to bring things to an amicable termination for the sake of Henry, who has several very young children, and an amiable good wife, who is a stranger to what is passing in the heart of her husband.'

Clara shuddered; her agitation approached nearly to fainting, as with streaming eyes she gazed on her William—'To-morrow!' said she faintly, 'and do you meet to kill to-morrow?'

'Yes, we meet, but not to kill to-morrow, my love,' returned he; 'but, my Clara, if any thing ensues that I cannot foresee at present, I shall settle my papers this evening; and as a token of my love, set you down in my will two thousand guineas: the newspapers will tell you of the circumstance, and by inquiring at the French coffee-house in L—Square, you will hear further concerning me.' Clara heard no more, but fainted on the arm of her lover, who, scarcely able to support his charge, called upon her to live for love and her William.

'Why should I wish to live?' said she in a hollow voice, as her eyes unclosed; 'why should I wish to live,' she again repeated, 'if you are lost to me? To-morrow, the looked-for day of happiness, is to commence with bloodshed, and to conclude with my eternal happiness or misery!'

'Mention not that word again, I hate the sound: Clara Yarington was not born to experience misery, but all the sweets of connubial felicity; to be the idol of her friends, and the adored wife of her Briant, who, when he presents his treasure to the world, will watch, with lynx-eyed love, each flatterer who dares to smile and bow for notice.'

A blush crossed his cheek, an agitation seised his frame, and he seemed little better than the weeping girl by his side. At length he said, 'It is childish weakness to encourage vain fears; not a cloud will arise to intercept our loves: Heaven will listen to my prayers to preserve each life; and when the precious hour arrives that we are to meet, who can equal Briant in possessing Heavenly treasure!'

He once more kissed the pallid lips of Yarington, and endeavoured to cheer her spirits by talking jocosely of the past scenes of his life in the Indies; and at last so far succeeded, that a smile returned to animate her features; but there was a deathlike coldness at her heart that nearly made her lifeless, as she walked trembling by his side. — 'Farewell, dear, sweet Park!' ejaculated Clara; 'farewell, dear scenes of many a blissful hour! till fate permits me to revisit your favorite haunts, when, with increasing delight, I shall view your charms with anticipated pleasure, with anticipated hope of being ever happy by your friendly shades.' She kissed her hand; she took leave as of a friend with the deepest regret; she lingered; she could scarcely leave a place that was so dear to her.

William was pained by her earnestness, he gazed with anxious concern on her drooping form, and then, seising her hand, hurried her to St. James's-Square, where a last farewell took place. Briant had ever been particularly partial to the sweet little Ann; her beauty fascinated him, and her name was the same with that of his eldest child. Ann Rockingham had, therefore, a double claim to his favor. He took the engaging prattler in his arms, gave her countless kisses, and told her that, though Yarington was soon going to run away from her, she would come and see her again, and give her a ride in a new carriage with white horses, and that she should have a new doll, if she would be good with Jessy, and not cry for her own dear Yarington.

The unconscious child listened with delight to the man who was going to rob her of a friend:—unconscious of approaching evil, it was with some trouble that she would quit his arms for Clara's.

* * * * * * * * * *

After a sleepless night Clara arose unrefreshed; the hours soon passed before she was to go out to meet with William, the agitation of her mind beggared all description; now hope, then fear, alternately pervaded her breast, but flattering hope predominated: she quickly attired herself with becoming neatness, and, taking a small bundle in her hand, she nearly flew down stairs, fearful lest any thing might occur to detain her: but when she crossed the hall for the last time, those apartments that had given her protection, a pang crossed her heart, and the blush of shame for once dyed her cheek. Her eyes grew dim, she half hesitated, she was on the point of turning back, had not her eye rested on the ring that she held securely in her hand — 'Heaven bless my Jessy, my protectress, my — my little charge; and though appearances are against me, judge not harshly of poor Yarington, who suffers more by concealment, than in a public avowal of her weakness' — The hall-door was shut as she passed, and the hospitable man-

sion of Mrs. Rockingham was closed on her for ever * * * * * * * *

The Haymarket was the place appointed. Clara reached the spot. The integrity of her intentions supported her; the consciousness of her own integrity made her feel, after a few moments' reflexion, serenely mild. She never looked more lovely than on this fatal day. The modesty of her dress, dictated by simplicity, showed to advantage the natural symmetry of her form: her agitation added to the expression of her features—love danced in her full bright eyes, and added elasticity to the motions of elegance. Thus was it with Clara, when Briant crossed the street to meet her.

'My Clara! my wife! how punctual; and yet I thought the hours too long till this blessed one arrived. Now you are mine, securely mine; nothing shall separate us but death! Oh! if you knew what happiness I have promised myself in your dear society, you could form some idea of my present feelings; but, unable to do so, you cannot judge what this heart feels for your angelic goodness!'

'I measure yours by my own,' returned Clara, deeply blushing, while her eyes were riveted on the handsome form of her destined husband.

'I have been, my love, to my taylor's this morning, choosing the color of your habit, to go to church in on Monday: as I am very fond of the dress, and know a habit would exactly suit your figure, you shall go with me to be measured presently; but, first, I wished to call at Hatchett's, the coachmaker in Long-Acre; he has my carriage, my dearest Clara, repairing and getting ready; for I should prefer my little girl traveling in her own carriage to a hired one.'

Clara smiled her thanks for his consideration of her comfort, while she inwardly offered up a prayer that, as her husband, he might ever be so condescending.

'Undoubtedly,' he continued, 'my Clara ought to see her own carriage, but that bundle quite annoys me; why did you trouble yourself with bringing any trifle of apparel, when you knew you would be in a few hours at Mrs. Clayton's?'

'Can I not leave it somewhere? at any of these shops as we pass?'

'O! dear no; that is an utter impossibility; you therefore cannot go with me to Hatchett's, but must walk slowly up Long-Acre, and I will join you in a few minutes.'

There was a certain something in his manner of denying her to accompany him that she did not like; but what could be done; she had intrusted herself to his protection, and must take the consequences.

'I shall not be gone long, my Clara,' said he; 'you walk up Long-Acre, and I will soon join you.'

Briant pressed the cold hand of Yarington to his lips, and left her side. All utterance was denied to Clara; she could not speak, but, faint and trembling, watched his steps with eagerness. William approached to Hatchett's—his pace was quickened—he looked back on the trembling Clara, slowly walking to meet him, and then with the rapidity of lightning rushed up Mercer-Street, and disappeared for ever * * * *

Guilt at this instant struck cold to the heart of Clara; his mysterious departure assured her all was not right; and for three hours did the devoted victim of duplicity walk up and down in a state of distraction, expecting each moment to see the man who had basely decoyed her from happiness into misery; but, when evening closed in, her hopes were all fled, her peace of mind in this world seemed crushed for ever. Pride would not suffer her to return to Mrs. Rockingham's, as her reproaches would cut her to the soul. She would fly to Mrs. Clayton's, to her dear, kind aunt, who would, if it lay in the power of mortal, recover her to a just sense of her misfortunes. Mrs. Clayton was at home, and received with affection the trembling penitent. Clara told the unfeigned tale of truth, the unprecedented guilt of Briant, and her own weakness; but, when she came to the fatal conclusion of being left a stranger and unprotected in the streets of London, her feelings overcame her, and she fainted on the supporting bosom of her aunt. A delirious fever seised the fragile frame of Clara, which brought her to the gates of death. Long sickness, and the inward reproaches of her own heart, have made that once lovely girl pale and wan; she is never heard to complain of her griefs; she never, never reproves the guilty Briant, but trusts to her Creator for a recompence. The languid eye, and emaciated form, bespeak an approaching decline; and, if no favorable change takes place, it is inevitable. At present, William Briant, Clara Yarington still lives—lives a monument of your guilty dissimulation and her own weakness. Your conduct, in thus mysteriously leaving her, has planted a sting in her breast which never can be eradicated, without you come forward and prove to herself and friends the true meaning of your conduct. If Clara Yarington was ever thought worth your love, she has now more than ever a claim to it, and demands a just return for her injuries. If the man is not turned into the monster, a faint hope rises in her soul, that the wounds she has received may yet be healed by the balm of love, and her lover prove the god-like character her fond fancy had ever pictured him: but if conscience sleeps, and he disregards the admonition of a friend, and leaves to misery his wretched victim—Heaven, more lenient to her woes, it is hoped, will take her to another and a better world, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!'

'Oft at my feet in am'rous grief he knelt;
Oft painted pangs and flames he never felt:
I strove to fly, but vain was each endeavour;
I listen'd—lov'd—and was undone for ever!'

Y. C. B.

London, July 9, 1810.

ANECDOTES.

ONE of the friends of Quinault the poet said to him—'Your mistress is very handsome, but she does not appear to me to have much wit: how can you bear to hear her talk, as you sometimes do, for a day together?'—'O!'

said the poet, 'I do not hear, I see her talk.'

Before Cleopatra swallowed the valuable pearl, at the entertainment with Mark Antony, Claudius, the son of Æsopus the tragedian, had dissolved one, estimated at the value of twenty-five thousand crowns, merely to try what taste pearls had.

The proclamation by which King Louis abdicated his crown in favor of his infant son, was, at first, supposed almost generally to be only an instance of his ready obedience to his brother's commands; but there is a spirit of complaint, and indeed indignation, in this document, which can never be imagined to be dictated by Bonapartè himself. It seems to have been extorted from him by reiterated wrongs and insults, and is the severest invective on his brother's treacherous conduct that has perhaps appeared, because it is a plain statement of facts, that cannot be doubted, considering the quarter from which it comes.

After resigning his shadowy greatness, Louis within a day or two left the Hague, and for some time it was not known whither he had retired; but it was at length reported, that he had been at the court of his brother Jerome at Cassel, and that he afterwards went to Toplitz in Bohemia, though the object of his journey was not known.

His infant son, in whose favor he resigned his crown, has been sent to Paris, where his uncle, in a pretendedly tender interview with him, told him that he must now be his father, and has conferred on him the title of Grand Duke of Berg.

SCOTTISH ANECDOTES,

RELATED BY SIR JOHN CARR.

IN former times, the bagpipes had considerable influence on Highland feeling. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps — 'Sir,' said he, with great warmth, 'you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning: nothing encourages the Highlanders more in the day of action; nay, even now they would be of use.'—'Let them blow like the devil then,' replied the general, 'if it will bring the men back.' The pipers were then ordered to play a favorite martial air; and the Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned and formed with alacrity in the rear.

The pride of the Highland piper is very high. It is related, that a Highland officer having, in obedience to orders, added a drum to his bagpipe, a spirit of jealousy soon afterwards rose between the piper and the drummer, respecting their title to precedence, which inflamed itself into personal animosity. At length, the subject of their quarrel was submitted to the officer, who decided in favor of the drum; whereupon the piper indignantly exclaimed — 'Ads wounds, sir! and shall a little rascal that beats upon a sheep's skin tak the right hond o' me, who am a musician!'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

AN EPISTLE

TO MISS JUDITH CRABFACE;

In Answer to hers which appeared in the Magazine for July.

WHAT! does my Judith, fair, intended bride,
Midst Scotia's wild, romantic scenes reside?
Where Grampian Hills with awful grandeur rise;
Where verdant vales delight the wand'rer's eyes;
And beaut'ous lakes, whose sloping banks around,
With weeping willows, shrubs, and woods are crown'd.
Would you, my fairest! these bless'd scenes forego,
Your lakes, your mountains, for your dear Greensloe?
What! quit your friends, and much-lov'd home so dear?
How ardent does your love for me appear!
And shall you make such sacrifice for me?
O, no; ere long, old Scotia's hills I'll see,
And there will prove, my life! my constancy.
To my lov'd Primrose Cot I'll bid adieu,
To country, friends; nay all, my dear, for you:
Like as the needle, faithful to the pole,
E'en now far northward points my longing soul.
Eager on Love's soft pinions I'll depart,
To press my Judith to her Simon's heart.
O, rapturous thought! then be that day serene,
From earth to sky no low'ring cloud be seen,
When to the altar I shall lead a bride,
Endow'd with beauty, grace, and wit beside!
What though some part of Scotland's drear and bleak,
A favor'd spot for you, my joy! I'll seek;
Where love and peace shall from us never stray,
But still increase, as rolls the alternate day.
Like as your mountains, which are fix'd so fast,
That stand the same through num'rous ages past;
E'en so, my love! which, while I breathe below,
No change or diminution e'er shall know.
Nor will I doubt a change in you, my life!
I'm sure thou'lt ever prove a loving wife.
But must I, 'midst my joy, a sigh impart
To my lov'd Judith's tender, pitying heart?
Shall I relate my puggy's tragic end?
O, no; it would thy tender bosom rend.
Suffice to say, all cold's my playful Fred,
His eyes are clos'd—he's number'd with the dead.—

I'll say no more. I come to wed my fair!
Bid Hymen, now his brightest torch prepare,
To link our hearts with Love's strong chain together,
Which nought, my joy! my life! but death shall sever.

SIMON GREENSLOE.

Primrose Cottage,
Aug. 9, 1810.

REBUS.

MY song is the girl of my heart,
And her praises I ever rehearse;
Who she is, now my Muse shall impart,
And sing it in mystical verse.

First two-fifths of a messenger, thought
Most in beauty and loveliness, bright;
With one-seventh of what meaneth nought,
The first part of her name will indite.

Then one-half of a stone, fit to carve
Her dear image of beauty so true;
With two-sixths of a jewel, observe,
Will her dear second name bring to view.

And lastly, a flower called sweet;
But, though sweet, cannot with her compare.—
All I have I could lay at the feet
Of the nymph thus describ'd as my fair.

N. I. G. H.

SONNETS.

No. I.

DEAR, lovely woman! let those tender eyes
No longer burn with Sorrow's gushing tears;
Suppress the anguish of those struggling sighs,
Nor thus continue to excite my fears.
But who, Louisa, boasting Love's pure fire,
Could bear remonstrance from those orbs serene?
Who, thus forbidden, would not swift retire,
To soothe his tortures in a calmer scene?
Yet 'twas delightful to my aching breast
To feel thy lips re-animate the flame—
To feel the signet of affection prest,
By her I love, upon my yielding frame;
To feel those lips, in which resentment hung,
Imprint new language on my parching tongue!

J. G. L—M.

No. II.

CELESTIAL Spirit, forthwith let us haste
To share the fragrance of the ev'ning breeze,
That, softly gliding o'er the meadows chaste,
Riots as if 'twere diligent to please:
Lock'd in the arm of innocence and truth,
O! how I love, remote from worldly care,
To gaze, Louisa, on thy spotless youth,
And praise the worth of lineaments so fair!
But where are numbers to describe the bliss
That warms the centre of my low'ring soul,
While feasting on the lux'ry of a kiss,
I yield to Virtue's unalloy'd control?
What words can paint the pleasure I receive
From thee, Louisa, in our walks at eve?

J. G. L—M.

Grafton Street,
Aug. 1810.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. W. GOTTER.

I ONCE was free from Cupid's might;
Nor could the cheeks and sparkling eyes
Of G**l***e take me by surprise;
Oh! then through each revolving night
I own'd a tranquil soul.

But G**l***e, with fictitious scorn,
Cried, 'Follow not my devious feet
Along the garden's dark retreat!'
I follow'd! and the light of morn
Illumin'd all my soul!

As late she 'neath the roses lay,
I ventur'd to molest her reign;
I kiss'd her lips—she kiss'd again!
Oh! then it was meridian day
In my enchanted soul!

J. G. L—M.

Grafton-Street,
Aug. 1810.

TO SENSIBILITY.

EXHAUSTLESS source! celestial stream!
That circles round the heart,
To joy thou add'st a brighter beam,
To pain—a keener smart.

'Tis from thy crystal fount that flow
Those sympathetic tears,
That bathe the cheeks at other's woe,
Or Misery in years.

And void of thee must that heart be,
Which could unmov'd withstand,
Of hoary, palsied beggary,
The mercy-craving hand.

'Tis thy o'erflowing source supplies
Those precious drops, that roll
In secret from the mourner s eyes,
To ease the woe-fraught soul.

But, oh! what charms dost thou bestow
On those who thee possess!
How make the gen'rous bosom glow,
That shar'st a friend's success!

When Spring renew'st her smiling reign
Of beauty, joy, and love;
When Flora decks th' enamell'd plain,
And music fills the grove;

Who can the thousand joys express
That thou dost then impart?
When all the charms of nature press
Around the feeling heart!

And when to nature's God, in pray'r,
Our grateful accents rise,
Thou lead'st the soul through fields of air,
To taste of Paradise!

ANONYMOUS.

North Petherton.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

[*The following Verses, dictated by a severe and tedious illness, were principally written in the early part of the spring of the present year; though their completion was at the time, and has been, for some months since, deferred.*]

I SEEK in vain for verdant plain,
Or daisy-cover'd mead,
To yield delights, which happier wights
Experience in my stead.

I once could find my well-pleased mind
In groves and meadows cheer'd;
To every thing, or herb or spring,
Delight and health appear'd.

I rov'd around, and always found
Enjoyment there for me;
But quick, alas! our pleasures pass;
Our joys, how fast they flee!

Delight is flown! I'm left to moan;
My health and spirits fled:
Those spirits gay—ah, well-a-day!
They seem for ever dead.

Three springs ago I did not know
  How sad it was to grieve
For loss of health—(what neither wealth
  Nor wishes can retrieve).

But 'such is time;' which spoils my prime'
  Of solid joys and sound;
For Health has more within her store
  Than elsewhere can be found.

Before she flew, what bliss I knew!
  As simple as sincere;
'Twas solid joy, with less alloy
  Than doth in courts appear.

The breezy bower at morn's cool hour,
  Sequester'd shades at noon,
Were my delight—and, when 'twas night,
  I stray'd to view the moon.

But sad reverse must I rehearse
  That now is my employ!
At morn the sun, at night the moon,
  I never can enjoy.

Her cloudy car may glide afar
  Along the midnight sky;
' 'Tis nought to me;' I seldom see
  What once I priz'd so high.

In sickness clad, I sit all sad,
  And wish the months were flown!
That time might bring a happier spring
  Than lately I have known.

O, Health! return; for thee I mourn:
  ' Capricious Maid!' O deign,
From thy sweet source, with magic force,
  To cheer my heart again.

By thy control to soothe my soul,
  And animate my mind;
That I may then (ah, once again!)
  Thy sweetest comfort find.

ANONYMOUS.

S—n, near N—wb—y.

LINES

ON PRESENTING A YOUNG LADY WITH A ROSE.

ACCEPT, fair maid, this fragrant flower,
Sweet emblem of fair Beauty's power;
Behold, what symmetry of form,
What varied tints it's foliage warm;
But ah! how soon it's charms decay,
E'en whilst I sing they fade away!

Not so those charms which thee adorn,
More blooming than the infant Morn;
When modest worth and sense combin'd
Give their bright polish to the mind,
Teach thy young heart simplicity,
And sweeter sensibility:

'Tis these which feed that lambent fire
Which warms the soul with soft desire;
'Tis these, when ev'ry love and grace
No more shall deck thy matchless face,
Must still their magic power impart,
And captivate the willing heart.

D.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AMIABLE MISS L—CY ME—HER, NEWPORT PAGNEL, BUCKS.

Ne sperne puer
Dulces amores.
HOR.

FORGIVE me, friend, the daring Muse,
Whose humble strains run wild and loose,
  Inferior to your own;
Though poor my verse, the theme 's the same,
I must extol my Lucy's name,
  And make her beauties known.

Ye sacred Nine, your aid impart,
To captivate that heavenly heart,
  That captivated mine.
The external beauties of her face,
Each lively and enlivening grace,
  Bespeak her most divine.

Her lovely air, the graceful ease,
The cheeks, the lips, design'd to please,
  Are transcripts of her mind.
Each feature every heart alarms,
Expressive of these better charms,
  Love, truth, and sense refin'd,

But stop, my Muse; methinks I hear
Strains melodious to my ear,
'Tis fairest Lucy's voice!
Hail! lovely subject of my song;
None but the accents of your tongue
Could make my heart rejoice.

Here 'tis a glory to confess;
Such beauty, dignity, and dress
Exceeds a pen like mine:
Vain the attempt—I cann't proceed—
Accept the will, excuse the deed,
And pardon every line.

SONNET.

TO MISFORTUNE.

THE man who makes yon hovel his sad home
In youth saw Life's gay vision faintly rise;
Each fairy pleasure woo'd his heart to roam,
Each syren vice assum'd some soft disguise.
Still he resisted ev'ry proffer'd charm,
And pleasure strove to conquer him in vain;
Vice he detested, shunn'd her pois'ning harm,
Reliev'd pale want, and sooth'd the bed of pain!
All could not save him from Misfortune's pow'r,
Who left him poor, unfriended, and forlorn,
Forc'd him to curse Life's earliest, rosy hour,
Whilst by Despair his bleeding heart was torn!
O! then, Misfortune, quit him ere 'tis long,
And send fair Competence to cure his wrong!

J. M. L.

Sept. 11, 1810.

WASHING COLORS

FOR LADIES' WEAR.

'YOUR cottons,' said Flavia, 'are cheating, vile trash!
See! the colors all gone, though you said they would wash!'
'Yes, Madam,' the shopkeeper answer'd —'no doubt,
I said they would wash: but I meant, they'd *wash out*.'

THE SAME.

'You warrant these colors to wash?' — 'Without doubt:
I warrant they'll wash, Ma'am — quite clean they'll *wash out*.'

GERRO.

Sept. 1, 1810.

SONG,

IN 'PLOTS, OR THE NORTH TOWER.'

Sung by Mr. Horn.

AS when at Nature's mighty word,
When winds and waves in silence sleep,
The dæmon of the storm is heard
To rush in thunders o'er the deep:
Full many a maiden on the shore
Her distant lover may bewail,
Whom she perhaps may see no more,
And swells with sighs the rising gale.

So, on the eve of some dread night,
When preparation whispers round,
The soldier arms him for the fight,
And swords in clanging echoes sound:
Full many a maid her lover meets,
With fears to think, ere night is o'er,
That heart which now with ardor beats,
Shall beat it's last—shall beat no more!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Alicant, July 2.

VARIOUS letters from the vicinity of the places occupied by the French in La Mancha, Arragon and Catalonia, concur in mentioning their precipitate retreat at all points. Those at Cuenca were falling back upon Madrid; those in Arragon were proceeding to Saragossa; and the greater part of the force at Lerida were marching in the direction of Gerona.

July 5. We hear from the vicinity of Soria, that the garrison of that place dare not venture to proceed to Burgos, being prevented by the unexpected appearance in that part of the country of the intrepid curate of Villabrau, D. Jeronymo Merino, after defeating near Lerma a column of French troops, with the loss of a number killed, and 200 made prisoners.

Constantinople, July 3. The accounts of the success of the Russians have thrown the inhabitants of this city into the greatest consternation. It was the less expected, as the highest confidence was reposed in the talents of Pehlivan Aga. The sultan, however, is not dejected, but makes every possible effort to reinforce the army of the grand vizier. New commissaries have been sent off to procure fresh supplies of provisions for it. The fleet, which consists of sixteen sail of the line, has received orders to proceed with all possible dispatch, to take on board the troops that are coming from Asia.

Catalonia, July 7. The public enthusiasm is reviving, and the means of safety, which the urgency of our dangers imperiously prescribe, are prosecuted with greater energy than ever. The indefatigable O'Donnel is again at the head of the army of this province, the head-quarters of which are at present at Tarragona.

Constantinople, July 10. The determination of the grand seignior, to take the field in person against the Russians, has been solemnly announced at all the mosques; and four horse-tails, the usual indication of such an intention, are actually stuck up on the gates of the seraglio.

His highness will, it is said, proceed on the 20th instant to the imperial castle in the plain of Daud Pacha, which has been prepared for his reception, and thence set out to join the army, as soon as the whole of the troops have assembled in the camp at Adrianople. His guard consists of 12,000 Bostangis.

The scarcity of specie operates as a great impediment to the execution of the measures in train for the general defence. The plan adopted for removing this difficulty is the voluntary sacrifice of all the unnecessary plate, a sacrifice of which the mufti and the grand seignior have been the first to set an example, and the levying of a contribution of three millions of piastres from the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; and lastly, the issuing of a silver coinage of a very inferior alloy.

The divan has this day paid to the troops the whole of their arrears for the last quarter.

The English ambassador, Mr. Adair, has this day had his audience of leave of

the divan, and will soon go on board of the Salcette frigate, which is appointed to convey him to England.

No alteration of any importance has occurred in the situation of the armies. The grand vizier, notwithstanding all the attacks made upon him, still maintains his ground in his strong position before Schumla.

July 12. It has been officially announced, that the Pacha of Rudschuck, having placed a Russian corps of 10,000 men, which was before that place, between two fires, killed 700, and made 7500 prisoners.

The grand seignior displays uncommon energy. In a new proclamation, he has declared, that every mussulman capable of bearing arms, who will not range himself under the standard of Mahomet, to fight for his country and religion, shall be considered and dealt with as an unbeliever. The sultan reviews the troops daily that are proceeding to reinforce the main army. A body of guards, to consist of 17,000 cavalry, is organising. Great events may be soon expected.

July 27. On the 24th, the captain pacha entered the Black Sea at the head of his squadron. He will soon be in sight of the Russians, who have been for some time cruising on the coasts of Bulgaria and Romelia. Two of their frigates approached Warna a few days since, and threw in some shells, which did no great mischief. Seid Hussein, superintendant in chief of the customs, having had orders from government to provide for the wants of Warna, in case of a siege, arrived there in full time with a supply of provisions and military stores.

The grand seignior has issued an order, prohibiting, under the severest penalties, the pachas of Asia, who are forwarding troops to Europe, from passing through Constantinople, and much more from making any stay there.

Hermanstadt, July 30. Excepting some actions which, without being decisive, have been in favor of the Russians, we know nothing of the progress of their armies in Bulgaria. Varna has not yet surrendered to the Russians. It is reported that the grand vizier had received some reinforcements, and drived the Russians to a considerable distance from that place; but no particulars are mentioned. The Russians hitherto have had the best of the campaign. Their heavy artillery overwhelms the Turks, who are obliged to keep as close as they can. A report, however, again prevails, that the Turks have obtained a victory before Schumla.

Lisbon, Aug. 3. From a proclamation of Echavarri's, it appears that the Spaniards are taking advantage of the diversion occasioned by the advance of the French troops upon Portugal. The enemy were so harassed in their late invasion of Murcia, that they have declared they would not again enter it with a smaller force than 30,000 men. Echavarri particularly praises the peasantry of Caravacca, Lorca, Campo, and Huerta, for their exertions to annoy the enemy in their retreat. He also states that the enemy's corps at Baza had retreated precipitately to Guadiz, and that the enemy were making preparations to evacuate Grenada.

Naples, Aug. 6. One of our convoys has unfortunately fallen into the hands of the enemy. It set sail from Naples under the orders of Lieutenant Teifsere, who had four ships of war with him. His majesty having received intelligence of the said important convoy being threatened by the enemy, he ordered Captain Caraciedo to meet it with his division, composed of six gun-boats. On the 24th July he fell in with the convoy, and ordered it to bring up off Amentea, under protection of a battery. On the 25th July, the English attacked the convoy with a frigate and four other ships of war. The firing lasted six hours. After one of our gun-boats had been sunk, and the rest had sustained considerable damage, they were compelled to yield to the enemy's superior force. After Captain Caraciedo had sunk the rest of the gun-boats, and removed his majesty's flag, he went on shore with the crews.

The enemy then landed from 7 to 800 men, under protection of the fire of his frigate, who easily rendered themselves masters of part of the convoy, and burned or sunk the rest.

This affair, which is certainly very unfortunate for us (our gazette says), inasmuch as it has deprived us of one of the most important convoys which was indispensably necessary to complete the armament destined for the invasion of Sicily, does, however, infinite credit to the Neapolitan army, which, although it could not withstand a superior force, yet kept up with great gallantry the unequal contest. But few men were killed or wounded on our side, and no prisoners were taken.

Berlin, Aug. 7. The gazette of this city

contains the following article:—'The Count of Gottorp, Gustavus Adolphus, arrived in Berlin on the 3d instant, and after the stay of a few hours, set off again, on his return, as is reported, to Switzerland.'

Berlin, Aug. 8. The ci-devant King of Sweden has not made his appearance at Berlin. It is said that he took a circuitous route to the banks of the Oder, whence he directed his course towards Dantzic, from which place he proceeds to Konigsberg, and thence into Russia through Courland. None of the princes or great officers of State in the Prussian territories saw him on his passage.

The report is revived that his majesty has come to a resolution of effecting a reduction in his army. The king, it is said, will disband about 20,000 men, thus leaving on foot a force of only 20,000, which, joined to the national guards, whose services will be rendered general, will be fully sufficient for the duty of the interior of the country.

Aug. 9. The king has at length renounced the project of retiring finally to Sans-Souci, and there residing totally disengaged from business. Those who had been invited to the presence of his majesty, have determined him, though not without much difficulty, to return to Berlin and Charlottenburgh, and to place himself again at the head of affairs. Prince William, the king's brother, who was at Hamburgh, and Prince Augustus Ferdinand, who was some time at Toplitz, have returned thither.

Vienna, Aug. 9. The march of the Austrian troops towards the frontiers of Turkey still continues. It would, however, be imprudent to publish any thing with regard to their destination, of which, indeed, the superior officers are themselves ignorant. But, placed as we are in the vicinity of a power disorganised, and whose provinces are a prey to all the disorders of war, it is of importance that our territory should be in a situation to command respect.

The last accounts from Turkey inform us, that the head-quarters of the Russians are already at Bujuk-Kolickschad, on the other side of the mountains, and that a single decisive battle may open the gates of Constantinople to the victor.

Presburgh, Aug. 9. Letters from several parts of Turkey mention great advantages obtained by the Russians, but they differ materially respecting the details. According to some, the grand vizier's army has capitulated; according to others, it cut it's way through the Russian army, and made good it's retreat to Adrianople. It is certain, however, that several Russian corps have appeared on the road to Philippoli, and created considerable alarm; but as they consist of light cavalry and Cossacks, it is not supposed they can obtain any permanent success. The fate of Turkey entirely depends on that of the grand vizier's army. Should it succeed in falling back without great loss, it is probable that it will prevent the Russians from advancing to Adrianople.

Warna still holds out. It received a supply of provisions from two frigates and a convoy from Constantinople. The Russians could not prevent it's entering the fortress.

Widden is not yet besieged. A strong corps is assembled in the neighbourhood for the purpose of watching it, by which it will soon be invested. The intelligence of the victory of the Russians and Servians over the Pacha of Nissa is confirmed.

Lisbon, Aug. 19. The head-quarters are at Celerico; the cavalry advanced beyond Alverca, where Colonel Wyndham was taken prisoner a few days ago while reconnoitring. Our other corps are quartered at Pinhias, Marninta, Guarda, &c. A body of Portuguese are at Caria and Fundas, and General Hill's divisions near Castello Branca. The desertions are full 40 each day to us. Silveira, with his militia, in Tras los Montes, has attacked the enemy in that quarter, has killed and taken 400, and driven the rest into Spain.

Paris, Aug. 22. A telegraphic dispatch, transmitted at 6 o'clock in the evening on the 13th inst. has announced to the prince viceroy, that General Count Menou, Governor of Venice, died there that morning, after an illness of fifteen days.

Lisbon, Sept. 1. An account was received this morning of the fall of Almeida, the frontier fortress of this country. It was considered very strong, and we are told that our whole army was in motion to relieve it when the very unexpected account of it's being taken was received. It is reported that the principal magazine blew up, which both deprived the garrison of ammunition, and effected a breach in the walls. A battle will no doubt very soon take place.

HOME NEWS.

Clonmel, in Tipperary, Aug. 18.

Mr. Maken, a gentleman of considerable landed property, had let some land, contrary to the wishes of some of the peasantry: on his return home one evening lately, he was way-laid and murdered with the most horrid barbarity. Another gentleman returning home was shot in the back; seven slugs were lodged, and he died on the spot. A poor man with his family, were murdered in his cabin, and then burned, merely from the pique of their catholic neighbours (they being protestants). The assizes are held here quarterly. In the short time I have been here, 14 criminals have been hanged for murder. Sessions began yesterday, and the calender announces 163 prisoners to be tried. Provisions were never known so high; but whisky is reduced from a guinea to 8s. per gallon. There are two sets of disturbers who meet in the mountain, opposite the barracks, who have pitched battles; they are called Carravats and Shanavests. Their chief aim is to steal fire arms and horses from gentlemen who go a shooting.

Chelmsford, Aug. 24. Only two of the six unfortunate men, who were found guilty at the iate Chelmsford assizes, were executed. Buckley, Fleming, Brenwick, and Sullivan were reprieved; but Sweeny and Pearce underwent the sentence of the law on Saturday morning. They ascended the platform about half after eight o'clock, attended by two Roman Catholic clergymen, with whom, falling on their knees, they joined in prayer, with apparent devotion, for a few minutes; yet after being tied up, and before the clergyman had quitted them, both the culprits threw off their shoes, Sweeny kicking his to a distance with some violence. They were shortly afterwards launched into eternity, in presence of a vast concourse of spectators. — Their bodies were delivered to the surgeons for dissection.

London, Aug. 27. Early on Saturday an alarming fire broke out on part of the extensive hat-manufactory of Messrs. Christy, Bermondsey-street, which burned with such rapidity as to threaten the surrounding neighbourhood; happily, however, through the great exertions of the firemen, it was got under in the course of the morning, but not till a long range of building was entirely consumed, and considerable damage done to the adjoining premises.

A young lady named Lyttleton, on a visit to Mrs. Humphries, in Hampstead, while walking on the Heath on Friday morning, was induced by curiosity to walk on one of those causeways which communicate from the shore with the sluices that stand a considerable distance in the Hampstead ponds. — Having arrived at the end of the plank, and examined the object that attracted her attention, she turned round to go back to the bank, on which stood two female friends who had not sufficient courage to follow her example; but, either from a sudden dizziness in her head, or from an inattention to her footing, she fell into the pond, where the water is full twenty

feet in depth. The shrieks of the young ladies attracted the attention of a gentleman who was passing, and who, the moment he observed the cause of their distress, threw off his coat and jumped into the water, at a short distance from the spot where Miss Lyttleton first sunk. She had risen twice to the surface, and sunk again, before he was able to seise her clothes, which he at length caught, and dragged her safe to shore. In a few minutes, she recovered herself so far as to be able to walk home.

London, Aug. 30. An inquest was held on Monday, on the body of Adam Gordon, a private in the 1st regiment of life guards, who died on a preceding day of a wound by a knife in the left side, which he received in a quarrel with his wife on Friday last. The Jury being satisfied, as well from the dying declaration of the man, as the evidence of a girl who happened to be in the room when the quarrel took place, that the fatal stroke was unintentional, brought in a verdict of—*Accidental Death.*

Three persons, after dining, a few days ago at Buxton, were suddenly siesed with a violent internal attack, one of whom died almost immediately; the others, with apparent great difficulty, survived. It appeared that they had, in a mistake, eaten of the root of hemlock, scraped with some horse-radish, to roasted beef.

Carleton House was thrown into great confusion on Tuesday, occasioned by one of the chimnies at the east angle catching fire. The Royal Exchange and Sun-Fire-Office engines came to the spot; but the fire was got under without their assistance.

The son of Mr. Latter, at Bromley-common, Kent, ten years of age, riding a spirited horse, at Widmore, on Saturday evening, was thrown off, and his feet hanging in the stirrup he was dragged upwards of a mile, and so much hurt that he died immediately.

Tuesday, the son of a gentleman at Dock head, Bermondsey, was unfortunately drowned while bathing in the canal, Camberwell.

Sept. 4. A young man of the name of Thornton, at Moulton Seals End, Lincolnshire, scaled the steeple of the parish church, which is not less than 110 feet high, by means of the small projections of stone attached to the exterior of the spire. Not content with having succeeded in gaining the stone which caps the summit, he aspired to substitute his cloth apron for the fane! Whilst climbing up, the staff, at the extremity of which the fane is fixed, it broke with his weight! his destruction appeared inevitable; but, fortunately, his body caught the stump of the staff, and he was thus arrested in his descent, and shortly after descended to the ground in safety by the adventurous route which he traced in his ascent.

Sept. 7. A dreadful accident happened to one of the Lincoln coaches on Wednesday last: while stopping in the town of Biggleswade, the horses were alarmed by the passing of a load of sheep-skins, piled to some height on the back of an ass. The smell of the skins seemed to offend them, for they all four held up their heads, breathed hard, and furiously set off with the coach. The driver, in consequence of the sudden jerk, dropped the reins, and in endeavouring to recover them, fell between the horses and the coach, the wheels of which passed over him, and killed him instantly. In a minute's time the coach came in contact with a post, and was overturned. There were five outside and two inside passengers; one of the former number was severely bruised about the thighs by one of the wheels; the other passengers were but little hurt. Miss Phipps, a young lady of Peterborough, who was travelling in the coach at the time of the accident, died in 12 hours after, in consequence of the fright.

Sept. 8. A tradesman at Chorley, named Price, was summoned on Tuesday last as one of the members of a coroner's inquest, to sit on the body of a neighbour who had drowned himself. During the inspection of the body he appeared much affected; and while the persons who found the corpse were giving evidence, he retired. Being absent longer than was expected, a messenger was dispatched to seek after him, when he was discovered lifeless in a room adjoining, having, it is supposed, strangled himself with a silk handkerchief.

Sept. 10. Coroner's Inquest. An inquest was held on Friday at Putney, on the body of G. Payne, Esq. who was killed in a duel with Captain Clarke, on Wimbledon Common. It appeared from the testimony of the waiters at the Red Lion Inn, at Putney, that the deceased was brought there about half past six on Thursday morning, extremely ill, and wounded.—Mr. W. Payne stated, that he had no knowlege of the parties who

caused his brother's death; nor had he, from extreme agitation of mind when he saw him in bed, inquired how he came by the wound. He had heard on Thursday morning of the intended duel, and had brought Mr. Heaviside from town with him. — Mr. Shillito, the surgeon who attended the deceased, deposed, that he found a wound in the left groin, which passed through the intestines, and having lacerated several rteries, caused a hemorrhage in the abdomen, which witness believed the cause of his death. However, he had found no ball. Witness had not asked whether Mr. Payne had fought a duel, but overheard him say to a gentleman who was in the room, 'Well, I hope I have not disgraced myself;' to which the gentleman answered, 'Quite the contrary.'—The jury returned a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against some person or persons unknown, supposed to be by a pistol shot.'

Mr. Payne was the younger son of the late René Payne, Esq. who left him his fortune, to the amount of 14,000l. a year. Mr. Payne has left four children by his wife, who was a Miss Gray. The cause of this duel is stated in a paper of Saturday to have been as follows: — 'The orphan daughter of the late Dr. Clarke, of Newcastle, was the friend of Mrs. Payne and a visitor in the family. An unfortunate attachment took place between Mr. Paine and Miss Clarke, and transpired, which the irritated feelings of the brother forced him to resent. Mr. Payne had whispered to his second, Mr. Abbott, that he should not return Mr. Clarke's fire; but the first shot was mortal.' Mr. Payne was nephew to Mr. Creevey the member for Thetford.

Sept. 10. On Tuesday, the 4th current, as the passage-boats were crossing the Frith from Kincardine to Higginsneuck, with a quantity of whiskey, one of the boats, soon after leaving the pier, shipped a great quantity of water, and upset. The tacksman of the boat, with his assistant, and two others, along with three horses and carts with whiskey, were plunged into the sea. The tacksman and one of the servants were drowned, and also two valuable horses, which are supposed to have got themselves entangled amongst some old herring cruives; the other horse, after struggling for an hour, was towed to the shore.

Dover, Sept. 12. This afternoon, Mr. Powell, the American secretary of legation, who yesterday evening sailed hence to the coast of France, returned to this place; the enemy would not permit him to land at Calais, but threatened to fire upon the vessel if he did not immediately return: he, however, endeavoured to effect a landing at Boulogne, but there he met a similar reception; and upon his attempting to sail into the harbour, was greeted with a heavy firing of shots and shells, threatening to sink the vessel if he did not retire, which he at length did, and providentially without the crew receiving any injury.

Sept. 12. A shocking event occurred at Aldborough, in Holderness, on Tuesday last, being the fair-day at that place. A young man, named Whitehead, had some time ago paid his addresses to the daughter of Benjamin Ockleton of Aldbrough, but had been discarded. He met with her at that place on Tuesday evening, followed her into the fields, where she had gone to milk along with her aunt, and on her refusing to conntenance his addresses, swore that he would either have her, or make her that nobody else would. He then drew out a knife, and stabbed her in the breast and throat several times, when she succeeded in wresting the knife from him, in doing which both her hands were much cut. The knife she threw away, and when he found he could not recover it, he attempted to tear open with his fingers the wounds he had given her. Fortunately the aunt having run back to the town, sent several people to the spot in time to prevent him from taking her life; though she is yet very ill of the wounds. The man had once or twice threatened her life; but bore a very general good character. He has been committed to York castle.

At Presteigne Assizes, a lamentable instance of early depravity occurred: a boy, not more than twelve years old, was tried for burglary, which he had committed in company with two other boys about his own age. These young depredators had acted, it appeared, with more artful caution than could be expected from much older offenders. One has escaped, and the second being admitted king's evidence, brought the fact home to the third boy, who received sentence of death, but on account of his tender years was reprieved.

A disturbance occurred on Sunday night the 26th ult. at Dartmoor prison, which was not quelled till the soldiers

fired among the prisoners, several of whom were wounded. On Monday afternoon a French prisoner was shot through the head by one of the privates belonging to the Nottinghamshire militia, on duty there: he had thrust his head and shoulders through the roof of the prison, and on refusing to get in when called to by the sentry, the latter shot him.

Sept. 12. A melancholy accident occurred last week on the lands of Tullahan, near Mullingar. A gentleman on a visit there went out shooting, accompanied by a young man in the neighbourhood, of the name of Delany. The gentleman having shot a duck, which fell into one of the small lakes that are formed there by a communication from the great lake of Lough Ouel, and not having a dog convenient, the young man proposed swimming for the duck, which he immediately did, but never returned. He sunk in the presence of the gentleman, who instantly swam to his relief, but without effect, it being impossible to lend him the least assistance: his body was not found till the next day.

Sept. 12. Exertions are making out of the ordinary way to send reinforcements to Lord Wellington. The 1st division of the fiftieth regiment (1st batt.) marched into Portsmouth on Friday, from Lewes, and embarked on board the Tonnant, 80, Sir John Gore; and on Saturday morning the remainder (four companies) embarked on board the Macedonian, Lord W. Fitzroy. Both ships, through much exertion, sailed in the afternoon for Lisbon. The Melpomene and Apollo have sailed suddenly for the Downs, to take troops on board. The 4th and 92d regiments, it is said, are to embark there. The Vestal went out of harbour on Saturday morning to take troops on board yesterday, and sailed immediately for the Tagus. Several troop ships are fitting out with expedition at Chatham and Sheerness.

Stocks experienced yesterday a considerable depression: Omnium was at $5\frac{1}{4}$ discount. The death of Sir F. Baring is said to have been the chief cause of it.

Sept. 13. A Captain Hants was wounded in a duel, on Moulsey Hurst, with Mr. Coleshall, and was considered in a dangerous state. The above gentleman died of his wound, which was in the left breast, on Sunday last, having previously been moved to London. The ball was extracted the day after the duel. There was no evidence before the jury as to Mr. Coleshall, but it was merely stated that four gentlemen alighted from chaises on the heath, accompanied by another on horseback, and that two fires were exchanged, when the deceased fell, and he was put into a chaise and driven off. The jury delivered a verdict of *wilful murder* against some person or persons unknown.

Sept. 14. A melancholy accident happened near Kentsbank, on the Cartmel side of Morecambe Bay, on the Lancashire coast, on Thursday afternoon. As Miss Beever, of Manchester, was bathing in the sea, it is supposed she fell, and a maid-servant, belonging to Mr. Ashburner, of Kentsband, who accompanied her to the water-side, but was not undressed, went to her assistance, when they were both unfortunately drowned.

Sept. 15. Last week as one of the Canterbury coaches was passing by East-Gate, Rochester, one of the wheels struck against an oyster-stall, on which a girl, about 12 years old, was sitting: the shock threw her into the road, when the hind wheel passed over her body, and injured her so much that she died in a very short time afterwards.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 14. At Hampton-court Park, the lady of Colonel Vesey, of a daughter.

24. Mrs. J. Read, of Old Broad-street, of a son.

27. At Blackheath, Mrs. Williams, of Cornhill, of a daughter.

30. At his house at Teddington, the lady of Capt. Jacob Walton, of his majesty's ship Amethys, of a son.

In Duke street, Manchester-square, the lady of George Sparkes, Esq. of a daughter.

Sept. 2. In Norfolk-street, Mrs. Richard Twining, of a daughter.

3. At Walmer, the lady of Major Horton, of the 34th regiment, of a daughter.

7. In Alfred-place, Mrs. Davidson, of a son.

The lady of A. Little, Esq. Grove-hill, Camberwell, of a son.

12. At his house at Kentish Town, the lady of John Idle, Esq. of a daughter.

25. At Hartsbourne, Herts, the lady of Sir Thomas B. Thomson, Bart. Comptroller of the navy, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 24. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Edward Charles, Esq. of Lawn-place, Shepherd's Bush, to Miss James, eldest daughter of the late Edmund James, Esq. of Ham-Common in the county of Surry.

27. In the parish church of Great Bustard, Essex, Mr. Jesse Middleton, eldest son of Mr. John Middleton, St. Martin's-lane, to Miss Elizabeth Mead, second daughter of Mr. George Mead, of Billericay.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. Rowe, of Fleet-street, to Miss E. Keys, of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, John English, Esq. of Bath, to Frances, daughter of the late Thomas Huddleston, Esq. of Milton, Cambridgeshire.

28. Mr. A. Christie, of Harp-lane, to Miss Manning, daughter of Robert Manning, Esq. of Hackney.

At St. Paul's, Covent-garden, by the Rev. W. Embry, rector, John Ponton, Esq. son of Thomas Ponton, Esq. of Nizelis, near Tunbridge, in Kent, to Catherine, eldest daughter of John Dunn, Esq. of Bedford-street, and East Sheen, Surry.

At St. Matthew's, Friday-street, by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, vice principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, Major Blundell, Esq. of Great Coram-street, Brunswick-square, to Ruth, second daughter of Stephen Wilson, Esq. Goldsmith-street.

At St. John's, Hackney, Mr. Walter Etty, of Lombard-street, to Miss Hamilton, of Sudbury, near Harrow.

30. At Islington church, Mr. Alfred Crease, of Islington, to Miss Matthew, of Oxford-street.

Sept. 1. At Clapham, William Nibbs, Esq. of Upper Thames-street, to Miss Bankes, eldest daughter of the late John Bankes, Esq. of Clapham.

At Edmonton, by the Rev. Dr. Warren, William Timson, Esq. of Thames-street, to Miss Louisa Ponpard, of Edmonton.

6. John Dickinson, Esq. of Ludgate-street, to Anne, second daughter of Harry Grover, Esq. Hemel Hemstead, Herts.

13. By special licence, at St. George's, Hanover-Square, by the Hon. and Rev. Hardbottle Grimstone, George Proctor, Esq. to Miss Hale, daughter of William Hale, Esq. of King's Walden, Hertfordshire. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy couple set off for Hampshire.

At Hinckley, Leicestershire, Mr. John Edward Pilgrim, of London, to Cecilia, daughter of Mr. Samuel Craven, of Hinckley.

DEATHS.

Aug. 10. At Bishop's Caundle, near Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, in the 77th year of his age, the Rev. N. Bristed, M.A. formerly of Emanuel College, Cambridge, Vicar of Sherborne, and Rector of Bishop's Caundle and Haydon, in the same county. He was formerly master of the grammar-school at Sherborne, which he resigned about twenty years ago, and retired to his parsonage-house at Bishop's Caundle, there to enjoy himself in the cultivation of the happiness and esteem of his parishioners, in which he reaped a plantiful harvest of love and affection.

24. At his apartments in Somerset-Place, Charles Edward Beresford, Esq. secretary to the hon. commissioners of his majesty's stamp duties.

25. At Edmonton, Mrs. Hodgson, wife of William Hodgson, Esq.

In Hill-Street, Berkeley-Square, the infant son of George Baring, Esq.

In the 39th year of her age, Sarah, the wife of Mr. Samuel Page, architect, King's-Road, Bedford-Row, and only daughter of Daniel Say, Esq. Sandon, Essex.

27. In Spring-Gardens, aged 19, Mrs. Eliza Harris, wife of Tho. Herbett Harris, Esq. commander in the Hon. East-India Company's service.

Sept. 1. At Bridgenorth, Shropshire, in his 82d year, Thomas Hazlewood, Esq.

3. At his house in Old Burlington-Street, the Hon. E. Bouverie, Member of Parliament for Northampton, uncle to the Earl of Radnor.

6. In Weymouth-Street, Mrs. Jane Robinson, aged 87, relict of Morris Robinson, Esq.

12. At his house at Sydenham, aged 76, Josiah Dornford, Esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Kent.